

*The Story Of
My Diary*

(By Martin Felsenfeld)

(Originally handwritten in 1980)

The Story of My Diary

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Hello, folks. My name is Martin Felsenfeld. I am presently 20 years old and attends Cypress College these days. Yesterday I met this counselor named Dave Marroujo, who told me to get a diary and start writing graffiti notes here.

If anybody here around Orange County wants to know the brief history of my life (and I have a lot of lady friends here), here it is: I was born on Mar. 23, 1960 at the Jamaica Hospital in Jamaica, N.Y. Obviously, I couldn't talk to any nurses at that time, and I only concerned on crying. Three years later, to this date, we had this birthday party loaded with 70 guests, and it was held at around 5:00 p.m. But I couldn't stand 70 people at one time, and to "quiet" the crowd down somewhat, I ripped open a box of *Herb's* Pretzels, then eventually went to sleep.

In 1965, I went to Bellvue Elementary School, where I finally had a teacher. Her name was Mrs. Pfiffer, and she started it all by putting me into the nursery room, where I opened up a box that read "Arithmetic Can Be Fun." It was that kind of box which led to my whiz in the world of numbers. I watched game shows on Television and learned the numbers very quickly and how to count them. It also took me a very short time to know what the meaning of each number was.

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The Story of My Diary (Continued)

When the 1966-67 school year opened, I went to Pride of Judea Elementary School in Brooklyn. There I also learned how to add and subtract, and for a few weeks, I took home the homemade number cards so that I can practice on them.

In the summer of '67, I went to Camp Beaumont, whereas we did just about all the things that some 647 girls in the movie "Little Darlings" did 13 years later. I wish I had time to explain all of this to you, Dave, but now you told me to write a day-by-day diary.

But in 1968, I did something that I do not want to mention. I tried to pour a bottle of Yo-Yo over someone's head. My lip had to be fixed, and a few weeks later, we moved to California, a place where we really started from zero.

For the next four years, 1968-72, I attended Sierra Vista Elementary School in La Habra, and enjoyed math success there, too. At one point during 1970-71, I did several different kinds in the numbers field, including fractions and decimals. We also made up our own teams in the class game called "College Bowl," and up to this date, I still remember who was on what team.

During the fall of 1972, I went to Washington Jr. High School, also in La Habra,

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July 1, 1980. This marks my debut on the diary for this year, and on an opening day like this, I always feel great, because you just love to get to meet everybody. This day is no exception. Although I decided to wear my new things to school today, and my feet can be painful when I wear them, I guess that everything really came my way.

Consider what happened with me today: I have this young lady named Leri who works with me on testing, and it was supposed to go a full hour. Instead, it went a half-hour, and I felt confused that it ended so fast when I had fun. After taking my word processing class, I went to Kathy Fay's class (Kathy teaches Adult Education), and felt confused, because everyone was gone at the time. Just before noon, everybody came back to the class, and I felt relieved!

This girl who comes with me (her name is Sherry) says that she doesn't like waiting for a bus alone, and that is the reason why she doesn't come to class on Mondays, because I have nothing scheduled on that day, either. So Sherry has this mobility trainer who is insisting that Sherry does take the bus alone, but I felt that she would say "no." Sherry and I went to K-Mart today and ate lunch there.

My feet were so tired from wearing those things I was dying to get into the house and soak them in the bathtub! I guess

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July 1, 1980 (continued). Everyone feels that way once in a while, don't they?

And then I felt mixed up on two things: I found that we got tickets to see "The Price is Right," but for the wrong date. Also my dad got a ticket, but in a different kind of way - it was for parking in the wrong spot. This way my head feels like it's in 100 different places. I was disappointed that we would not see the "Price is Right" too soon.

Best of all, we have these neighbors on whom I love to have a very sweet time with. They can make my day so much, it always seems impossible to get them off my mind. We were playing hide-a-go, touch football, and also did some disco-dancing. I just hate it, though, when I favorite person I spend days "Please have us alone", because that can be painful. Oh well, it didn't take us that long to get happy again, and I finally came in the house around 9:00 p.m., and that's when my parents told me to start writing notes in this here diary. But, as for the whole day, it's off to a very sweet start!

July 2, 1980. At three o'clock this morning, I heard that it was drizzling outside, and as a result, I could not sleep. I always have a hard time laying down because when it even starts to drizzle, I could not concentrate on my dreams or thoughts. About the only thing I sometimes do is play the radio and listen to some music, just to avoid hearing the noise from outside drainer.

When the temperature gets 80° or better and it is sunny, I refer to it as "bikini weather." This morning it didn't seem like too many bikinis would show up at all. And when the weather gets to be like it is in Texas now, I sometimes suggest bus drivers to dress casually. Here's an example: A few years ago, I had this lady bus driver, who was in her early 20's, and her name was Debbie. Anyway, what she always did while waiting to pick up kids was take off her shoes and drive the bus barefooted. And I felt stunned! But I'm not really afraid to see this situation happen anymore, only my mind feels so.

Oh, I had such a sweet day at Cypress College, although it didn't start out that way. I had a rough time doing things correctly, but once I was on the right track, it seemed that I was unstoppable. Besides, when I got my reports in the file drawer, all my grades were A's. I mean A's! Never before did I become a "straight A" student for one class alone, and not even was this in all my years in math.

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July 2, 1980 (continued). After class was over Sherry and I went on to the Buena Park Center, and about all we did was eat lunch and go window shopping. Since I don't have a job as yet, I tried to avoid spending too much money as much as possible, since I'm afraid of going broke.

When I was asked to put some meat in the freezer, I opened it up and realized that I had to get rid of all that ~~meat~~ ice and clean it out. I did that, but also felt happy that it was time to start up that ~~meat~~ freezer.

But I must feel so happy that I got all these "K" marks, and it seems that I'll really be successful in word processing.

July 3, 1980. Kay Luck did it! First of all, let me bring up this point that she happens to work as one of the secretaries in the Learning Center, where Laurel has heads is all. Anyway she kicked off her shoes in the office, and I got the feeling that that was going to put me to sleep. We sometimes consider it when that happens.

But then, I also realized how to survive these happenings. For example, Kay was expecting company at the same time this tutor and I were going over the basic of word processing. That's the kind of day I always

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July 3, 1980 (continued) prefer to have: a cliffhanger day. A cliffhanger is one in which your day is either come-from-behind fashions, or one that you have to cling on to. In the summertime, nothing comes so easy.

Consider what happened an hour later: I got frustrated on a few points in the word processing class, but finished the first part of lab on a sweet note. When I came back to the learning center, I guess that Kay Lusch really did it: I was told that Teri West (not the basketball player) was too busy to work with me today. I had a scheduled appointment with Teri at noontime, but with Kay and Teri being sweet girls, I didn't mind. It always feels good when girls try to give me a hard time.

Here's another cliffhanger that happened to me: I took two buses to the Treasury just to compare prices on the clock radio. However, it wasn't until almost 1:00 that I finally made it inside the store. But it was really worth the wait; I saw the nicest clock radio of my kind (at \$26.99). A few minutes later, when I left the store and survived the security guard, I almost broke my ankle! And that was painful!

Same old story when I returned to the lab: I was off to a rocky start, but in the end, it turned out to

July 3, 1980 (continued) great finish. I really do enjoy it in the word processing class. And that's about all I have to say for now.

July 4, 1980 - Independence Day. And what a day this has been - crazy! Like I said, I really hate it when my parents try to put pressure on me before something of mine happens. Take for example. The fire is tonight. About an hour before the program started Dad wanted me to do some research - something that I didn't do. I was supposed to make a list of names to bring for the picnic, and I did just that. But while getting all the stuff together I was wondering when would it end. It finally did - at five minutes before 10:00. My ambition is to put some time ahead of work, but I wanted festive to be way ahead of work. And it's not that easy to get in this house.

Getting to the fun party I saw my cousin Stephanie Malin for the first time in quite a while. Stephanie Malin reminds me in so many ways of Victoria Bertainelli. For instance, both Stephanie and Valerie have the same style of hair. They are both 20 years old. They were both born in April. And I believe that both girls bought cars of their own. Not surprisingly, they

July 4, 1980 (continued). Both love boys, just as much as I love girls. They probably both own their own phones and talk on them so much I would get the feeling that they never want to get off the hook. Stephanie and Valerie also love talking something like a mile a minute, and it looks like they never give you time to say anything.

Realistically, they both have their interests in the entertainment fields. Stephanie Malin has a cousin who is already a movie star (Richard Grayson), while Valerie Bertinelli, of course, is the star of the TV series, "One Day at a Time."

So after I saw Stephanie today, I got the feeling that I just met Valerie Bertinelli. I felt nervous when she showed up, thinking to myself, "Oh my gosh! What did I do wrong now?" What I felt was wrong was listening to a ball game in front of pretty ladies, and when I originally kept in touch with the national pastime back in 1974, I collected sports nostalgia. Magnets, box scores, baseball guides; you name it, I've had it. And even when I got rid of all those things, I'm afraid that if a girl was to see me while I was listening to a sports event, my mind tells me, "Marty, shut the ballgame off! There's a female

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July 4, 1980 (continued), coming over!" That's because we
don't get too many girls who come over the house talk about
the Dodgers, Angels or whatever.

July 5, 1980. When we decided to go to Gemco this morning, I figured out to myself, "You might find a lot of surprises in the store, Marty!" And I did. There was this girl named Karen, whom I worked with at El Centro Park, and she really started to give me a sweet time! I felt that was the end of things already! When I finished the first piece of conversation with Karen, I found another surprise—Dana Plato on the front cover of a racquetball magazine!

A few years ago, Richard Dreyfuss, who happens to be a cousin of mine, won an Academy Award, and I've had television actresses on the brain ever since. So I felt that one of them surprised me with a picture of Dana Plato (she's on Diff'rent Strokes) playing racquetball! But Karen seemed like that she was never gonna let me go!

I felt a bit sad, however, when this cashier named Donna at 7-11 quit her job to work in Placentia, where I stayed at not too long ago. And I felt that I was traded back to La Habra for Donna.

I We picked up my cousin Toby today so that she and I would go window shopping at the Brea Mall. I introduced her to some of the salesgirls that I already know. Note: I had to be so careful with her because she's blind, and she always has to know when there are steps, so that
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July 5, 1980 (continued) she can know where everything is. It always feels sad to be around a blind person.

But we ran into another surprise at the Brea Mall: someone named Anita Gould, and I've known her for ten years. I guess my feeling is that all my lady fans came over to see me today!

July 6, 1980. Another one of those sweet days for me! We started it by getting ready for breakfast as usual, having to help my blind cousin Toly. Having the same meal for breakfast (matzah balls, a Jewish food, and orange juice) is nice, but if a guy and a girl eat the exact same thing, it always makes me feel like we're kids again. The best I could do when a situation like this happens is to try to act like adults and get food off our minds.

And going out with a girl, even if it's your own cousin, always gives me the feeling that I'm going out on a date, although my dad doesn't think that way. In fact, I happen to consider that as going out on a date, and when that happens, it's time to think of what your date wants to do instead of me wanting to do. Same situation if Toly was my girlfriend: she would be giving you so much pressure, and you have to be responsible for her.

July 6, 1980 (continued) Also, when you make arrangements to go out on a date, you have to be responsible on making the phone call and asking her out. My feeling is that I'm nervous and she's not. But, as I said, boys are nuts about girls and girls are nuts about boys. So girls get nervous on being asked out, too. And that, is a cliffhanger.

I know that to ~~get~~ have my very own girlfriend is not impossible to get. When that time comes, you gotta stop what you're doing and be aware of what she has to do. You can't think of other girls when one is with you already. About the only time you can do this is by yourself.

Toby and I didn't ~~buy~~ buy too many items at the shopping mall in Whittier today. Many of the stores were closed, and the time was 11:00 when we came in. Naturally, this was on a Sunday. Coming inside a mall at 11:00 on a Sunday makes me feel like it's 7:30 in the morning. But when the stores finally opened, I was trying to find the best clock radio ~~if~~ possible in the mall - and all of the best were above \$30.00. Toby was trying to find an impossible-to-get musical typewriter - which costs about ten times the price of a clock radio - and not one store sold any.

But we did experience taking an RTD bus home today, and we met this lady from Tennessee who was staying

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July 6, 1980 (continued), with her aunt right here in La Habra. Every time I meet someone who is from out-of-town, I always dream that I'm at their home. And I always consider going down there. I've been to Tennessee only once in my life, and that was in 1976.

We later dropped Tobala off to her Costa Mesa home, and after that happened after a couple of casually dressed girls stopped by to talk about cleaning our house. I knew that I was starting to feel tired already, so when we came back home, all of us laid down.

July 7, 1980. Nothing really excited happened to me today. All I did was make a couple of phone calls - one to Frank Oddo, and the other to Herb Bigoni's secretary. What I got out of it was a change in my appointment schedule. Instead of going this Thursday, I will be there next Wednesday. That way I feel that it will not interfere with my schedule.

Otherwise, it was the same old "Price is Right" and Marie Callender routine. We always go that way every Monday, and if we do it too much, I would say that it's painful. But I love it, anyway.

No hard feelings - all I did was go to Straight Talk

July 7, 1980 (continued). Clinic and have our usual conversation with Dave - and I also felt that my competition was the recent episode of "One Day at a Time," where Julie and Barbara Cooper did the entire show by themselves. I already saw this episode twice, but felt that it was impossible to beat. Not so today. Dave and I had a nice talk, and it lasted close to an hour. Mom did not watch anything after "The Price is Right." If it weren't for Straight Talk, I would have easily seen this episode a third time.

After Straight Talk was over, I went on my way home with nothing really excited to talk about.

July 8, 1980. As everybody knows, this was a day for Los Angeles to remember. The All-Star Game and everything. As far as I'm concerned, I didn't have that bad a day myself. All we did was come to class, and sooner or later, success started.

Sherry went to Knotts Berry Farm with Kathy Fay's class while I had my sweet times with Vikki in the Learning Center, and later to my lecture class. I just felt that everything came my way for the first time.

For a friend of mine whose name is Mike, nothing seemed to go right for him. Just about every time he sees me,

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July 8, 1980 (continued) there always seems to be something wrong with him. Today he told me ~~this~~ that he wasn't too happy with the way his program was set, and he was considering going to ROP next year. Anyway, Mike told me that he wanted to go into Food Services, but ~~when~~ he filled out the application, he was afraid the hours had since changed. Problems are nothing new to Mike. A few weeks ago he couldn't see eye-to-eye with his counselor, Debbie Graham, but the only way to solve that was to see her again. Mike was afraid that Debbie was going to get mad at him every time he sees her.

Getting back to me, I went up to see Leri West for my scheduled appointment, but it wasn't so easy to kill. Someone named Teri also wanted to see her, but at least I didn't mind having her take her time away from me. I always feel that when a girl does something like that, she makes me feel right at home, I had to settle for whatever amount of time I could get.

Today I watched the All-Star Game from L.A., and after the first six innings, everything was rolling along, except when Dad called me to help him outside. I always hate it when he calls me outside to do things at what I consider as the wrong time. Sure, I want to have a lot of fun, but when you have to work with your father, that's no fun at all.

July 8, 1980 (continued). Sherry and I did have a lot of fun today, as we went to K-Mart and took the 42 and 29 buses home, and had myself a sweet time with the bus driver! We were talking about the time that I had that bus driver who dressed casually, and also told her how she always took me home, etc. And I was joking that this OCTD bus ought to go to New Jersey and change the route name from Beach Blvd. to Debbie Drive. Not for another 15 years, at least!

After the sixth inning of the All-Star Game, we had two little girls come to our house and talk about Aron. I guess that's one of my feelings why the midsummer classic is not easy to get to. When they left, the phone rang and my cousin Lisa called. Strangest thing happened: she called to ask me to look up a word for her, because she doesn't have a dictionary. She lives in a Brea apartment located on Tamarack Ave. with a friend of hers, who oddly enough ~~also~~ also is named Lisa. Easy to get confused - and embarrassed.

July 9, 1980. There's nothing quite like a busy day for me everywhere - except that it again wasn't an easy start. As always, there was Sherry, Carol and I always having a lot of fun with each other, but I had my mind on other things - just to avoid being to embarrassed. At this rate, Sherry and I would become
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July 9, 1980 (continued) the first couple in American history to last an entire marriage without running into a single problem - but it really seems impossible for everything.

It was a one-two-three kind of a day with Vicki the tutor as far as performance was concerned. Vicki later told me that tomorrow's her last day at the college, and then she studies for her finals. I cracked up when Terry Hill, whom I knew in Kathy's classroom, said to Marie Paparella, another tutor, "Where's Donny?" Terry's mind was on Donny and Marie.

I had what I considered as the easiest day in my Word Processing class - all A's on my paper again. And it was so easy, I finished one of my wrist books in just 30 minutes. Nothing too hard about this class at all.

Sherry, Rhonda and I all took the bus on the way home, and I enjoyed it. Also I saw someone named Pat, and had a nice talk with her. We stopped at Jody's and I was looking for the best clock radio in the store. After that I was on my way home.

Tonight, after doing a lot of busy work on filing checks in numerical order, I watch "The Facts of Life

July 9, 1980 (continued) on TV, where one of the girls always comes up with a problem. And when it is focused on that character, I always feel that they're talking to me instead of her. Consider this episode: Blair, played by Lisa Whelchel, got so embarrassed about having her mother talking to a married man. Blair felt that only married couples should talk to each other. As far as I'm concerned, I always have nice get-togethers with any girls, whether they're single, have a boyfriend, or married.

July 10, 1980. Poor little Marty, he thought he was a smarty boy going to a disco party. But whatever he feels, when girls kick off high heels; it all started with 'Claudie'. That's what happened to me last year when we went to a wedding last summer. This girl named Claudette was getting married at that time, and she was hosting a disco-wedding party. And when I discovered that 15 girls kicked their high heels off on one night (I never expected that many), I felt that I was bombshelled. In fact, with its loud music, it became so stunning, I had to go downstairs three times. We finally left at 10:30 p.m.

This day seemed to be too much for me somehow. Instead of a test, a new clock radio and filing cabinet

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Aug 10, 1980 (continued) being a big issue, it only ended up as a series of nice favors.

For instance, when Sherry and I took the bus to Cypress College this morning, we ran into this girl named Kimberly I was talking about you ask. "Who's Kimberly?" She is 15 to 16-year old female who carries her shoes to work every morning she makes it. Every morning! But she does sound like a nice person to me. And another friend of ours, named Carol, did not show up at all, and Carol was talking about going to the office. I don't know if she's there or not. Kimberly threw Carol off the bus!

We called her "Echo Carol" because she has a habit of repeating everything we say. I know her when she and I went to ROP a couple of years ago, when Carol was just learning how to operate the keyboard on the typewriter.

And, as I said, nothing came easy today. Vicki and I worked so hard in stripping all those quizzers in the word processing department. When I went to the WP lab, it took me 1 1/2 hours to finish a test, by far the longest amount of time for an exam in Martin Felsenfeld history. After the test, I went back to Kathy's class, only to see that everyone already left. So I went to Judy's, at my
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July 10, 1980 (continued) lunch, and bought the clock radio I wanted for the last couple of weeks.

When I came back to the college, I was taking my Wordstream course as usual, when all of a sudden, the machine went berserk! In fact, it got so bad, I had to call it quits just before 4:00. My feeling was that the machine was girl-crazy. I was about the only guy left in the Wordstream class. But I'm also girl-crazy.

And, it wasn't easy even after I bought the clock radio. I saw Arline the bus driver, Leona the teacher's aide, and Lani, who is another bus driver. All of them are rough ladies, and I felt that they weren't going to let me take the clock radio home. I did, but before I finally set in my clock radio, these girls seemed to give me a hard time.

July 11, 1980. First of all, let me tell you about the most exciting part that happened to me today. I was coming home from Cypress College, and found the place so quiet, I decided to eat out today and wake myself up. So I went to Alphy's restaurant today, and surprise! The waitresses there gave me a sweet time. In fact, I was sitting next to this young lady who dressed casually, but what hooked me was that she happens to work in the very same
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July 11, 1980 (continued) restaurant! Tammy the waitress gave me sugar time, as did Melissa and Alice. Melissa is the girl I sat next to, and Alice happens to be the cashier. Tammy was offering me some taffy, but I said no thanks. I was confused as to why she would go around with a box of taffy but it definitely wasn't her birthday nor was it mine.

She also was carrying a couple of panda bears, and with my conversation between myself and Melissa going along so sweetly, I suggested Tammy that she name those panda bears after ~~them~~

That wasn't the only surprise I ran into today. I also saw bus driver Barbara in both the morning and afternoon. Barbara rides on the 29 line, and I was supposed to take the 37 to college. So I ended up with Barbie in the morning, and following that I saw Online.

But let's try to save all that sweetness for last, if possible. I hate to ~~start the morning~~ have such a day when 647 girls mob me in a restaurant at 9:00 in the morning and the rest of the day is boring. It sounds more or less that nothing happened to me today. I guess that's why they put this show called "Facts of Life" on the air at 9:30 p.m., meaning that after the show is over, you really start to sleep beautifully! In case you don't know, Dave, "The Facts of Life" is a show that has this Mrs. Garrett trying to take care of
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July 11, 1980 (continued) seven girls! And it really sounds like 647 of them!

Nobody really came outside for too long, and so my clerical record keeping became too easy for me. I love Cliffhangers!

July 12, 1980. As far as I'm concerned, I really shouldn't be writing anything at all. From the moment I woke up this morning, and I barely got ~~any~~ eight hours of sleep; not one thing came Marty's way.

I had to help my Father around the house, and I hate housework! I don't want to be known around town for my work around the house, instead for my sweet affairs with waitresses and salesladies.

Nothing like this really happened today. Oh, I saw some folks like Lori, Stacie, and Theresa, but could not say much to them. Plus, my parents were throwing a party at my house tonight, and since long hours of talk and music is hard to stop, I guess this is the reason why I'm sleeping over at Grandma's house.

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July 12, 1980 (continued). I felt bad this morning when our neighbors, who are sisters, went to the beach today and I didn't. A couple of weeks ago I was all set to go to the beach, but my dad doesn't believe in me going alone. After the girls took off without me this morning, I was considering on going with them the next time they make plans on it—and I'm sure they wouldn't mind. The girls have known me for so many years.

And now that this day is "for the birds," I am now considering taking Sherry to the Brea Mall tomorrow afternoon to see the movie, "How To Beat the High Cost of Living." And on such a rotten-egg day as this, I always have the feeling that my work is cut out for me. Definitely!

July 13, 1980. It's 1:30 in the afternoon, and I have just phoned Sherry, asking her out to go to the movies at the Brea Mall this afternoon. That's typical for those who do go out on a date.

Suddenly, my father, sitting in the living room, yells, "No, Marty, you're not taking Sherry to the movies!" To make it worse, it happened at the same time Dad was yelling. I was just trying to get off the phone, and told her to skip it today.

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July 13, 1980 (continued) Boy, did Father really blow it! He says "no" off the bat before he began to realize that Sherry was all about. Anyway, Sherry likes going to places with me: colleges, shopping centers, restaurants, friends' houses, and movies!

I guess my father got so tired from the party he held here last night. He was enjoying life: singing, dancing, playing the stereo all night, having drinks, I mean just making a mess out of everyone. The party mercifully came to an end at 1:00 a.m., and he left records all over the house.

I was dying to put away all those records so that we can really start from zero! And when Dad was making complaints about why I shouldn't take Sherry to the movies, he blew it!

My sister-in-law Ruthie stopped by today, perhaps for the last time, because she leaves for Texas to join the Air Force next week. She's not an easy-to-get sister-in-law, for she does things in only what she believes is the right thing to do. Although she had worked in something like mine places in the last two years, Ruthie is a budget lady. She doesn't like to buy toys for her kids in what she considers as "junk."

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Besides that, she jogs every morning, cooks her own foods and consistently watches her weight. She went to Temple on Friday nights and has a beautiful singing voice.

When something goes wrong with her kids, Ruthie is not afraid to yell at them, and all she does to them is to teach them responsibility. She was married to my brother Robert in 1972, just three days before her 20th birthday. Oddly enough, she and Dad were born on the same day (Aug. 9).

But once she got married, she didn't have much time to fool around. And, seven years later, she had rough times with Robert, so she decided to break up with him. She is not afraid of trying anything.

I always feel that every time I see Ruthie, I think to myself, "I have to do these things right. Her mother must have always said that she ~~she~~ could only do things one way, and that's the right way."

July 14, 1980. I messed around so much after Straight Talk, I almost ~~also~~ forgot about this diary. Anyway, there was some confusion this morning about when Mom was supposed to go to a doctor's appointment. She was to be going at 11:15 a.m. if "The Price is Right" was on. But because of the set up for the Republican Convention

July 14, 1980 (continued) in Detroit, CBS moved "The Jeffersons" and "Alice" for today into the original "Price is Right" slot. And when TPIR was preempted, Mom wanted to leave right away.

I started to call Grandma and told her to walk out. Then Mom told me that I shouldn't have called her. How painful! Too late - Mom picked her up already, and the next consideration was whether I should eat out or not. If I did, I would be going to pick up the bus in Placentia, meaning that I would wait almost an hour between busses. So I decided not to eat out with them. The solution, I ate in the house, Mom came back home before 1:00, and at around 1:15, I went on to Straight Talk.

There are times that my heart is going to beat 500 times faster on a lot of things - besides Loni Anderson. Consider what happened to me in 1974: we went on three different vacation trips that year, and being 14 years old at the time, I guess I was normal like the other kids. My heart was pounding when we went to Vegas, because the day before, I was listening to a Dodgers-Expos doubleheader from Montreal, while Dad was getting his gas. I will bring this up in tomorrow's diary.

Another time I went crazy was when I was listening to an

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July 14, 1980 (continued) out-of-town radio station while we were traveling, and I really enjoyed myself that way. Another time was when we passed by so many coffee shops, and I was always considering going into them. Of course, we didn't!

That's all for now, folks!

July 15, 1980. Jane Curtin did it! The new movie star of "How To Beat the High Cost of Living" really showed exposure! Never before did I expect Jane to remove all those clothes in front of thousands, and when she threw off her bra, I just covered my eyes and got stunned!

When a female goes into a situation like Jane Curtin did, my feeling is that I get bombshelled. And when I get bombshelled, I have my tendency of throwing away things that I didn't need anymore. Also I have the feeling that she is telling me to throw out the ~~unnecessary~~ ~~things~~ and never get them back!

Realistically, I only want to throw out stuff at times like these, because ~~we~~ always get the point that maids are supposed to clean the house. But then again, I would get the feeling that Jane Curtin is the maid, and she tells me to "throw out this and throw out that."

July 15, 1980 (continued).

Henry and I went to see "High Cost of Living" at the Brea Hall this afternoon to see the stunning performances of Calamity Jane. After that we went to 7-11, where I read Tiger Beat Magazine, and got more bombshells: Dana Plato (she has a fan club in Texas), Julie Pickens, Kim Fields, Felice Schachter, Julie Anne Haddock (all from "The Facts of Life"), and Lori Anderson (who is a Girl Scout volunteer)! All of them are bombshells!

Really, I don't mind days like these, because they are quite a lot of fun.

July 17, 1980. Don't ask me why I really decided not to write anything in this diary last night. I guess for one thing, I had to go to an appointment in Anaheim yesterday afternoon following class, and I had to suffer through the pains of three hours of testing!

That's right, folks! Three hours of testing may sound like nothing for those who get used to get used to it, but to me, that's quite a lot of time. After all, who wants to spend three hours of boring testing? Not me!

At least, the girls on our block (Teri and Tammy)

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July 17, 1980 (continued) made me forget those long hours today. My feeling was that I couldn't finish one lesson in my Clinical book, and I didn't. If this was for school, I should have not sat outside and talked to those girls. But since this is not for schoolwork, it's always, "Oh, Marty! You can do that any old time! Come on, let's have some fun!"

And now for today. The first thing I picked up when I got to Myra's in a state of panic. "I won't be going with Sherry in the fall. That's what this Karen told me. Worse yet, she goes, "Shut up!" I hate when people tell me to shut up! Don't they realize that people can talk for as long as they want, but as for me, it looks like I'm set on a time limit? How painful it is!

Back to Sherry. Karen, who lives in La Habra, told me that she called Sherry's mom last night so that she and Sherry will go on the 37 bus. But then again I can still go with them, and if that so happens, I will get the feeling that I've really picked up Sherry, whom I thought was going to travel by herself.

After Vows, the Buena Park Center, and Word Processing, another oddball incident on the 29 bus happened.

July 17, 1980 (continued) I started it off by having Deborah Graham dropping me off at the bus stop where I barely made my 46. A few minutes later, I got on the 29, and as usual, sat with the beach bums.

But this one was kind of different. We had girls screaming and yelling loud enough to give me brain damage, and it was so bad, the bus driver warned them if they did this one more time they would get ejected. Worse yet, the OCTD supervisor was on this bus, and finally we had to make a stop at Knott's Berry Farm so that order could be restored.

It finally was. Three of the girls were kicked off for such misbehaviors as yelling, screaming, and use of profanity. I had a nice time with them until this happened, and now they get kicked off. In fact, the other bus driver turned out to be Lani, who does not allow you to yell, scream, or play radios when she is driving. Lani, without question, has to be one of the original bus drivers, and she does not believe in messing around.

And although I love messing around myself, I don't around the "rough lady" bus drivers. That's how the rules are set, and so I'm only picky on whom to make conversations with.

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July 17, 1980 (continued) And we couldn't get back home, either, because we had to go to Placentia at a time Bobby took some of his friends to an Angels game. I guess we won't be home until almost midnight, and I have school tomorrow.

July 18, 1980. Getting straight A's and an 81 score in Word Processing is nice, but look what all those girls did to me! First of all, word was finished with my Word Processing class, I went to the bus stop, expecting to wait for Sherry to come to me. I still feel that being with Sherry is like being with a girlfriend, so I finally told her to stop put with me for the first time. We ended up seeing each other by Martin's class, and she thought I was going to meet her there. I told her "Sherry, how now on, you wait me at the bus stop."

Another female I would like to bring up is Karen in which I'm going to tell Dave about. Karen had said to me yesterday that in the fall that she gets to go with Sherry instead of me. Until I saw Gloriaanna this morning. Gloria told me that I should ignore anything that Karen says, because she would only make up stories instead of giving out the facts of life. That's why we take it one day at a time, and as

July 18, 1980 (continued) as everyone knows, we all have different strokes!

I had a sugar time with Barbara the bus driver this morning, which really doesn't surprise me anymore. Barbie loves boys, and she was walking with this 15-year-old who calls himself "Ajax!"

A surprise came for me this afternoon, when this ice cream truck came down our street with a lady driver inside, and all of a sudden, my heart was beating 800 times faster! I checked outside to see what her outfit of the day was, and I came back inside stunned! The ice cream drivers wore a one-piece romper suit, and nothing else! That means she drove barefooted! And that really reminds me of Debbie the bus driver! It was also the lowest cbb of female outfits on the job since Laguna Beach!

Would you believe that when something like this happens to me one way, it happens to Don Baylor another way? That's right! I listened to portions of the Angels game tonight, and two hours after being stunned by a casually-dressed ice cream driver, Don Baylor got hit by a pitch himself! One of those HBP's, however, was so shocking to him that he had to miss six weeks with an injured wrist.

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July 18, 1980 (continued) And once again, Clerical Record Keeping finishes second to the ladies! I started out easy finishing the fourth problem of Job #44, but Diane and her friend Lynne came outside roller skating, and it wouldn't be until an hour later that I would finish that lesson. I had a very sweet time with Diane and Lynne and if they come out a few more times, I don't know what to do with myself.

Before the night was over, there was talk about seeing Maureen up in Monterey next month, and also going to a wedding in San Francisco and some friends up in Llaneta. Are we ever going to San Diego again?

I'll never forget the time that Maureen showed up here back in January of 1979. She was wearing boots in which I now consider as boring, and was teaching me how to disco dance! But Maureen knows me best with my performances in numbers, so I picked up so many things that had numbers in them. If we see her in August, it will be pretty hard to do any Clerical Record Keeping in front of her.

July 19, 1980. When I met this girl in Albertson 4 years ago, I never expected her one day to give me the sweetest time I've ever had with her. Well, the four-year wait is over! I was looking

July 19, 1980 (continued) for a goodbye card to give to Ruthie, because she'll be gone next week. I didn't find any. I asked Tracy to come over ~~if~~ to help me find one. Although the best card said, "Nice knowing you," we talked if she was my very own sister. I sometimes feel that girls treat me as if they were my own sisters, which I don't have any. If I had a sister, and she was ~~my~~ about my age, and if she was one that is my type, I would have never met Marilee, Lenor, Vonda, Teresa, or even Sherry. I would sometimes consider this particular sister as my girlfriend.

Getting back to Tracy. When she was almost ready to leave, I saw her carrying my boots and got scared for a moment, because I ~~too~~ thought that she, too, was walking home barefooted. Instead, she put on her jogging shoes and my feeling is that she must jog around the block every morning before going to work. And taking off boots at work, which I once thought was impossible, is nothing new to me. Consider last year. On Feb. 8, 1979, whereas according to the computerized zodiac game that day's messages were "Surprises due" and "Don't talk too much today," I was ready to leave the ROP office to get my new ID card, when I saw Patti Sambdman to say goodbye to her. After that I looked down below and found out that she took her boots off. That really scared me! In fact, that got me so much,

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July 18, 1980 (continued), I could hardly say a word thereafter and as I would know, I left the ROP office stunned! And it happened during the winter, too!

At least, it was nice of Tracy to take all those coupons, but when we got to the checkstand, one of the girls whom I haven't seen in years ~~reg~~ recognized me. Her name is Daniella. She asked me if I still like Donny Osmond, but I told her, "Nope!" I now prefer such people as Valerie Bertinelli, Loni Anderson, Charlene Tilton, and Dana Plato. Also the front cover featuring Valerie and Charlene scared me.

After that, I was to go to Grandma's house and stay there for the night, despite the talk about Grandma going to dinner with Ida, which would mean that I stay there all alone. But when I showed up, Grammy decided to put her dinner date on hold until some other time.

July 20, 1980. Ruthie stopped by for breakfast this morning to give out her last words to us before she goes on her way to the Air Force. She's going to be at the Lakeland AFB in San Antonio, starting on Thursday. I gave her a goodbye card and she really appreciated it. And, as usual, every time she takes off for a while,

July 20, 1980 (continued), she usually goes into her crying habits, and that's normal for her.

I cleaned out my shelf one more time by giving Rebecca the Aggravation game, still believing the fact that games doesn't lead people to an engagement or marriage. If I hear anything about games this winter, ~~best~~ I'll get embarrassed. When Hanukkah comes, and Marge and Norman ask me "What ~~you~~ do you want for Christmas?", I'm not going to ask them for a language translator, because it almost costs \$200! I would go for some books instead, such as "How to Beat the High Cost of Living" or "Little Darlings."

Which leads the way to Kimberly's (Korcor) house. Kim was considering to have her pay for my ice cream bar, but I said, "Nope." I'm still afraid that girls will later embarrass me (that's besides my family) if they pay for my things, too. If, they decide to do it anyway, they'll make me feel that it was my sister who did that. And sisters are rough ladies, you know.

Speaking of ice cream, there was the lady who drove barf-footed again, and this time, I did buy something - obviously it had to be a bomb pop.

An hour later, my parents went to a marriage counselor

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July 20, 1980 (continued) over at a friend's house - and I called them once and they called me back - both times about Uncle Ben who called me at around 7:00.

Ben told me on the phone that it was 101 degrees in New York yesterday and it felt so much like Dallas already. I told him what word processing was all about, and a few minutes later, he hung up. (Yes, Marty, it is a bit cooler in New Jersey!)

After Ruthie and the other kids left, there really wasn't much else - except for ice cream time and the marriage counselor session.

July 20, 1980. When I woke up this morning, Mom said that we would be going to the UCI Medical Center. And I was thinking of the hospital section of that place, because, after we would get there, I was thinking of going to the City Shopping Center.

Wrong. We went to the clinic part of UCI, and 1 1/2 hours after we finished with our business, we went to eat at Taplaris. So I never got to the City Shopping Center, because Mom told me not to go, anyway. Mom told me not to order chicken because she's afraid that it would take too long to eat it, and so I was considering ~~not~~ going on.

July 21, 1980 (continued). Friday to Kaplan's again and get my chicken.

The rest of the day - forget it. I went to Straight Talk Clinic today, and waited for Dave to come out as usual. While killing time for him, I read this article on singer Kim Carnes, thinking that any time I read about girls my counselor comes. Not this time. Dave didn't come out until ten minutes after I was finished with that article on Kimberly.

And Dave always says to me, "What do you want from me, Marty?" And it got me so bored, I now was considering that as soon as August has come and gone, no more Straight Talk. It's starting to become a bugaboo of me already. Worse yet, Dave asked me to come this Wednesday for a group session at 4:00, and I feel that it, too, is gonna bore me. I'll tell you this: when the fall schedule starts, I'll take Word Processing - and that's it!

When I came home, I was eventually told that we would not be going to Monterrey this summer - and that's disappointing for me - especially that I got straight A's in Word Processing. In other words, I'm saying that Miami is not enough for me this year. And I'm used to going places every summer, but one of these years, I want

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July 21, 1980 (continued) to really travel a lot, just like my brothers do. I'll tell you what: if Bobby goes to Philadelphia again, I would love to ask him if it's okay to come along with him. I've never seen Philadelphia before - let alone Peter Rose and Julius Erving.

July 22, 1980. This morning I was upset with my Mother on not going to Monterey. I also was complaining about us not able to go anywhere on Sundays, because for one reason, we get our usual TV shows too easy. As far as I'm concerned, "One Day at a Time" doesn't start until 8:30 p.m. and we usually are home since 10:00 in the morning. I wish that we can start experimenting on going places on Sundays, so that we would finally get home at 8:15 p.m. But Dad would already miss half of "Archie Bunker's Place." How about a quarter to eight instead?

Another thing Mom said to me this morning: she didn't want Teri or Pathyann or any other cleaning girls around to clean the house. Instead, she wants me to do it all. I just don't know why Mom made this decision. We had cleaning girls come in and out of the house since I was 14, and never did I make even one complaint about their work once. I mean, it really was a lot of fun having cleaning girls around, but it is

July 22, 1980 (continued) always my mother who starts to complain about them after they leave. Consider what happened a few weeks ago: We had this lady named Jennifer who would clean every room in the house that day, and she ended up cleaning the place for a total of five hours. But she forgot her watch when she left, and after coming back to pick it up, Mom started to say to me, "Marty, I think that I made the wrong decision. I should have not brought Jenny here in the first place."

Forget about Huntington Beach today says Kathy Fay. That's what happened when our teacher said that it would be too cold to go to the beach, and instead, we stayed put. I tried to go to Word Processing this morning although I wasn't scheduled, but then another student came in and that was that.

Meanwhile, Sherry and I just killed time at the Anaheim Plaza this afternoon, and I went to the bookstore and found so many ankle-ladied pictures there. When we got home today, I saw Carol dressed in a bikini, and that really surprised me!

Otherwise, there wasn't anything else left for the day, except when I registered myself for the service draft.

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July 22, 1980 (continued). I got confused for a little while, thinking to myself, "Oh, I'm gonna be drafted!" But we're not even close to a war, so it really looks like everything's gonna be oooooooooo-kay!"

July 23, 1980: Four years ago today the California Angels fired Dick Williams as their manager and replaced him with Norm Sherry. That's the normalcy as far as I go, and my feeling is that every time there's a ballgame on the radio, the memories always seem to come along. I have a very good memory on what I did when we heard this ballgame or that ballgame.

Consider what happened to me in 1974. I was attending Washington Jr. High School at the time and that's when I first started to get in touch with football. I still remember those days. A few weeks later, I went to Savanna High School, and there I really was a sports fetish! In fact, this friend of mine named Scott Lademheim and I kept track of all the baseball scores in the classroom. Both Scotty and I picked the Dodgers to go into the World Series, and that's just what happened (of course, they blew it)!

To show you how I got addicted to baseball, here it is: I was listening to hockey games on the radio and on TV, and one night I turned on the Timp-Vancouver Canucks game. I got frightened

July 22, 1980 (continued) because they didn't have the Canucks' logo on the ice—just a PNE emblem. Now I understood why the logo wasn't there: there were two major league hockey clubs that played in the same arena! (It's a long story, of course.)

Once the Vancouver ice scared me, so did strange things around the house: the latch on our shutters, the wooden man shaped in bottle caps, and a mirror. And one day I turned on a Dodgers' game by mistake, but then I got used to it and ever since, it was the Dodgers on the radio every night.

Not tonight, however. I had to go to Shirley's house so that Alan can work on Mom's teeth. I played with Rebecca for most of the night until we got home, and it was quite a lot of fun.

Before that happened, we went grocery shopping at Vons, and then I went home for a while before I went to Straight Talk Clinic.

And there was Barbara the bus driver! She almost scared me to death! Barb said to me, "Oh, Marty, I wish I could take off my shoes and socks, and roll up my pant legs—because this weather is hot!" Allllmost! If she really did this, I would faint! And it would remind me of my old bus driver Debbie! Instead, she opened the bus

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July 23, 1980 (continued) doors and just about got me right there! And a lady wearing boots in this heat came on the bus today, and I got scared, thinking that she was Valerie Bertinelli!

At Straight Talk, the conversation was much better than the last time, and there was nothing bad at all - except for meeting mother Debbie! That's #436 already?!

July 24, 1980. Poor little Sherry got kind of upset this morning because Karen came on the bus today. Sherry was thinking about the time that Karen was going to be riding with her this fall. And she got so scared she called Gloriaanna before we got on the bus. I kept telling Sherry, "Listen, Sherry. Don't worry about Karen, because you're only thinking that she's going to be with you this fall, but we'll still be going together at that time." This same kind of situation would happen again tomorrow.

Goodbye, Ruthie! We're gonna miss you! Have a great time in the Air Force! That might have been the words said by her ex-husband, Robert. Ruthie left this morning for the L.A. Airport and started it all by driving her little Honda Civic by taking her to Texas where she'll be stationed at. Of course, I told her to write to us whenever she has time.

July 24, 1980 (continued) Oh, well, let's get to the cooking class. There was Karen giving us the recipe by heart and telling us what to do. Not bad for a girl who acts like a stubborn Ories.

We baked macaroni and cheese by really helping out with all the food. Mike and I really crumbled up Ritz Crackers and put them on a plate. Sherry placed salt into a pot and let it boil. Kathy was busy reading her magazine.

During the time that the macaroni and cheese was baking, I was looking over the bingo set to see if any numbers were missing (there were), and also looking over the nostalgia records, including those I grew up with at Senanna. We also talked about the time that we were at Big Bear Lake a couple of years ago. Mike was talking about the funny things that happened at Big Bear.

~~I~~ I felt that this was the first time that I was patient over a favorite food of mine. I always said, "Oh, the macaroni and cheese can wait." Here's one reason: we had this lady named Margaret who came in a couple of times wearing a dress and ankle bracelet (that's all) picking up the laundry. That took my fears away

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July 24, 1980 (continued) about having to weigh ourselves

And the lunch that we ate was so good, that I was going to ask Karen, who had to leave early for an appointment, for the recipe. J. R. and I cleared up the place to put away the dishes, and then Kathy took us to our respective places.

And now it's time for Word Processing - and my feeling was that I battled Francine Perry for first place in the Classroom. Patti Claffery, my teacher, must have really found the right people for this class; I had straight A's for the first time ever - if you don't count mathematics. I pretended that Francine was the Wordstream - and she was ready to give me a battle.

Here's what happened. After doing a couple of pages of my homemade Miami story, I went on to the regular work - and had to overcome problems with the machine to complete the first unit of the Wordstream. The second unit will begin in six weeks, and after getting done with the first unit, I did a couple more pages on Miami.

July 25, 1980. What a day I had! First, there was Sherry and I getting on the bus, and second, Karen and my mother were introducing each other. But now

July 25, 1980 (continued) I should have not done that. Karen gave us brain damage this morning, as Sherry was really thinking that Karen, and not me, is going to go with her this fall. All Sherry was telling me is, "Don't worry, Marty, just believe me that Karen is not going with me this fall. You are, and that's all that matters. Let's ignore Karen and mind our own business."

When we got off the bus this morning, Sherry was still upset about the situation with Karen. I told her 900 times not to complain or worry about her, and think instead of nice people, such as Kathy, Nancy, or Kimberly. Of course, with Nancy being picked up by her boss every Friday, I didn't see her or Kimberly.

At school, we were studying our cooking terms, or something like that, while Sherry, who is already in her 20's, was just learning how to do numbers.

And that's what I just love talking about. Numbers. I've grown up with them for a long time now, and there's nothing about them to get bored about. Until recently, I always have picked up anything that contained numbers in them - books, games, calculators - whatever. And math problems give me memories, too. You wanna know how I got used to $3 \times 3 = 9$? I'll tell you. I was studying

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July 25, 1980 (continued) three math problems from an "Arithmetic Can be Fun" box, and at the same time, I watched "The Sandy Becker Show." Sandy Becker told me that $3 + 3 = 6$, and I also thought that $3 \times 3 = 6$. But, I got used to $3 \times 3 = 9$ when I put that multiplication problem down on a Campbell's Soup coupon. And, as we all know, $3 \times 3 = 9$.

I didn't study my cooking terms at all - instead, I read 16 Magazine and read about this Teenager named Sherri, who was from Ohio, fainting over the time she spent in Hollywood. That reminds me of the time I spent with Francine at the Sader in Miami a few months ago.

After that I was helping Rhonda and Karen clean up the shop for the upcoming fall, and when it was over, those two girls plus Sherry and I, all got on the bus together! This way, there would be ample time to go to Gemco, where I would be getting my August bus pass. But Mike was on the bus, too, and so he gave me the negatives with Kathy Fay sitting by the swimming pool. And Sherry and I, after ~~taking~~ going to Gemco, where I also took care of the film, took the Beach Bus home.

And guess who I saw on the bus this morning? You guessed it - it was Barbie Doll! As usual, she gave us a sweet time, and we had a lot of fun with her.

July 25, 1980 (continued). She almost got undressed on the bus - something that I'm still afraid of although that doesn't happen.

After that nothing else in excitement happened. Gary, our next door neighbor, was getting ready for his week-long vacation trip to Bishop with his family.

July 26, 1980. Today is my sister-in-law Shirley's birthday (she's 34, but I say 33), but Sherry and I had most of the exciting parts. To show you how typical of a day I had with Sherry, let me count all the ways by steps.

1. I phoned Sherry this morning to have her mother pick ~~up~~ us up at my house so that she (Glorianna) can drive us to the Bea Mall.
2. Glorianna phoned me about twenty minutes later to tell me that Sherry and ~~herself~~ were ready to take me.
3. We got to the mall around 11:15 a.m. so that Sherry and I would have a ball going shopping. Note: Sherry brought an extra pair of shoes with her so that her feet don't get tired! Not too many girls around me walk barefooted, though.
4. Sherry and myself, after Glori had to sit down by the snack bar because of foot surgery, started to go window shopping.

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July 26, 1980 (continued).

4. We went to both book stores while I was killing time. I was looking for three different books: "How to Beat the High Cost of Living", "Little Darlings", and the 1980 NFL Record Manual. And the winner is: "Little Darlings"! And I found that particular book in Dalton's, where I met a salesgirl named Connie! Now I really get the feeling that there are at least 647 girls involved in this particular story - and Connie is #648!

5. The only other pieces I picked up were racquetball stems from this representative who was dressed in a T-shirt and shorts alone!

6. There were cheerleaders all over the place downstairs. All of them were dancing. All of them wore shorts. And all of them made me blush!

7. Giori, Sherry and I then went to Kaylan's restaurant to eat ~~dinner~~ lunch there. Never mind the fact that I ordered chicken, steak fries, and a soda - after that happened I was ready to go to Sears. Then surprise! I ran into Connie, the same saleslady whom I met earlier in the day at Dalton Books. She, too, kicked her high heels off at the table and poor "Little Darlings" is the "loser"!

July 26, 1980 (continued)

§ 8. I ran into a fashion show over at Nordstroms, where they played "Funkytown" by Lipps, Inc. over the loudspeaker. Those girls, too, gave me a bombshell of a time!

We finally left the Brea Mall at around 2:00 p.m., where I just came off a wonderful day. The next thing that happened to me was that my parents and I took the ride to Shirley's house to celebrate her birthday. It wasn't much of a celebration, but Shirley's daughter, Rebecca, and myself, had a lot of fun.

In fact, we took Rebecca to Bobby's house so that she could play with the kids. Bobby had to go somewhere with Mom, and that was the reason why we took Becky with us. I played roller piano for a while until I screwed up one of the rolls, and there was to me no more player piano until 1986. I just love to get away with at least one thing from my father every time he gets mad at me.

Now we went shopping over at Albertson's, and guess who dropped by into the store? It was Alan & Shirley. They thought that we had Rebecca with us, but we told them that we left her at Bobby's. Our cashier for tonight was Emily.

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July 27, 1980. At last, we finally go SOMEWHERE on a Sunday! Our usual routine on this particular day was to stay home the whole 24 hours on a Sunday. The last time we really went somewhere was July 6, when we went to Costa Mesa to drop off Toby. Since then, I was considering going to Huntington Beach with either the Novas neighbors, or with Sherry.

Didn't I say we are usually home like ten hours before "One Day at a Time" is on the air? That's too boring! I still prefer to be out all day and then finally get home at 8:15 - which is cliffhanger time for a Sunday evening.

A few years ago, when I was still in high school, Nancy told me not to watch that Crackups program of Valerie Bertinelli's because it was on at 9:30, and 9:30 was my bedtime. And now it was worth missing all those episodes.

Anyway we went to the Tuente Hills Mall this morning and although it beat staying in the house, I could not beat any of the salesgirls. I tried going to three different places in quest for that 1980 NFL Record Manual - and they didn't have it. I was considering buying a dartboard set - but I would wait until Christmas for that particular decision. The only thing I picked up today was a birthday card - but that belongs to Sherry. That's not shopping at all!

July 27, 1980 (continued) After that happened we went to Akron and Thrifty's. Neither store had my desired football book. The closest thing that came out of me was this put-together thingie called shelves, and I didn't take that jazz.

Dad, meanwhile, bought a chase lounge and some ice cream, while I came home empty-handed. Because I grew up with about 50 toys a year, I still consider anything that I buy for myself as "toys," even if I was around Sherry. And so I didn't buy any "toys" to take home today.

Maybe we'll go somewhere next week and this time let my parents get something for me like clothes or a new pair of shoes. After we came home, that was the end of that.

While my parents were watching Richard Dreyfuss 1974 movie, "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz," I watch Metro News. I was bombshelled from the beginning to the end of the program - all the news reporters were women! And it hit me so much, it signaled to the end of the Aislime Guide. Even the TV announcer of Metro News was a female! And when I turned on radio station KFNB, there was a lady newscaster and the correspondent for NBC was also a woman! I guess that's the reason I read "Little Darlings"! Metro News must have given me the feeling that there really were 64 ^{7th} news reporters!

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July 27, 1980. (Continued, of course!)

And when a situation like this happens, I'm afraid that there's gonna be exposure of ankles, toes, and legs! If I hear of a lady newscaster wearing a dress on the job - and that's all - I'll be stunned! Women are more jumpy than men - and if they wear high heels on the job - I'm afraid that they'll fall down and get hurt!

July 28, 1980. Don't worry, Sherry! I'll save you for last! Anyway, we saw "The Price is Right" this morning, and what we saw was this lady contestant win a showcase by two dollars! That's all! Two dollars, and for that, she turned out to be a double showcase winner!

And after I ate lunch at Marie Callenders, I went to Straight Talk, and really made a comeback! Actually, Dave and I went to Shakey's pizza, where not only would we eat pizza and drink soda. Dave said that he did so to show me what socializing is all about. Immediately I put Sherry into my mind, in which I started to realize that one of these days, and it could be real soon, that I would have to take Sherry out to a fast food place - on a Saturday night.

Dave said that the most important thing to have when

July 28 1980 (continued) you go out on a date is fun. That's nice. But I also feel that talking to each other really gets my attention the most. Of course, I still believe on what they said on One Day at a Time, when they mentioned that games don't lead people to marriage!

Today, I tried one of those computer games they had in Shakey's, and during all this time, I was nervous! If Vonda was around me, or Sherry, I'd be more nervous! But it's worth the embarrassment, anyway.

When Dave dropped me off by Beach Blvd, I got on the bus, and there was a surprise for me! Teri showed up today. I know what Teri is all about - she tells me about all the confusing things on her mind. In fact, she got off with me - and since it was early, I decided to get off and walk to the Nostalgia store only to discover it was closed on Mondays. Just as I was ready to go back to my original position, there was another surprise! Eileen, whom I first met at the Brea Mall back in April, showed up today. I guess she was looking forward to see Frank Eldo, our State Dept. of Rehab. counselor.

Again, it was Teri and I making sweet conversations at the bench, which was enough to put my Clerical book on hold-again.

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July 28, 1980 (continued).

Now comes Sherry's time. I went to her house around a quarter to seven tonight, while my parents went over to Grandma's house. I thought that I would stay for fifteen minutes, but I instead decided to make it look more like a date. I stayed at her house for more than two hours.

We were talking about the time that I was traveling with my parents back in 1976, and you better believe that that vacation is a long story. I got through the first two days of that road trip with Sherry before we all got to watch "WKRP in Cincinnati" (Loni Anderson).

Sherry served us ice cream and carrot cake along with apple juice, and she showed me her bedroom. I was stunned on what it looked like! But quite a lot of girls have a bedroom that way, and Sherry was no exception. I gave her her birthday card, and she enjoyed it very much! One last point: I finally found out on how Karen made that macaroni & cheese dinner - homemade style. So I put down two copies of that recipe - and I took it home.

At around 9:00, I thanked Sherry for the wonderful time I had with her. Such a thing like this reminds me of this story called "The Money You Spent," which not only

July 28, 1980. (continued). talks about budgeting yourself with money, but with talk about social life as well.

July 29, 1980. I can't really remember if anything of excitement happened today. On the Price is Right, the only two male contestants who won their way up on stage both appeared in the showcases. In fact, because I've been pretty slow with this diary, I guess there's nothing much to talk about today.

But the girls finally came out for me - although it wasn't for so long. I saw Teri and Donna all right, and several other females showed up for a Bible study they have each week at Donna's house.

Grandma, who slept at my house last night because she didn't feel too good, slept at our house again. And I was watching Happy Days, Laverne & Shirley and Three's Company tonight, and during that time, my cousin Randy called. He said that he'll be coming to visit us down here next week. Unfortunately, I screwed up his phone call when Dad told me that Randy and I will talk about everything when he comes here. In fact, I'll show him my Florida vacation story. Also terrible were the Happy Days and Laverne & Shirley TV programs.

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July 30, 1980. Quite a busy day this time - and in some cases I got bombshelled. Immediately following the Price is Right, Mom, Grandma and I went to the doctor's office over in La Mirada.

When we arrived there, I realized that it was going to be a long wait for Annie Zeldin to be called up. A ~~doooooooooooooooooooooong~~ wait! In fact, it took her almost two to three hours before she would be finally finished for the day.

And there was plenty of time to kill - so what did we do? We went to Marshall's, and found out only a few points in the store: all the salesgirls dressed casually (not one of the ladies wore even tummy socks to work), and there was nothing specific for men: no radios, TV's, Computer games or books at all! This is really a one-sided store, and they didn't have to play "Ladies' Night!"

I was dying to get out of Marshall's anyway, since the only thing I could do in the store was pace back and forth! I felt the salesgirls got me nervous!

Enough of the "oh-my-gosh" Marshall's department store! We came back to the doctor's office, and

July 30, 1980 (continued) I killed time with some interesting Highlights articles. One of those read "Debbie Do, Debbie Doer," and this story reminds me so much of yours truly.

Consider this story alone: Debbie, like myself, only wanted to do certain things at the right time. Anything that Deb was planning not to do, she didn't do it at all. When she was tired of being told to do this and that (that's how she got the name "Debbie Do,"} nobody gave Debbie any favors for a while, not even the ones she liked the best.

I'm worse at those situations than is Debbie Do, because Debbie later really got used to helping around the house. Me? I only like to help around the house at what I consider as the right time.

After going through a few more magazines, I finally decided that since Grandma, Mom and I eat over at Jojo's restaurant. When Mom asked me to get her car keys, I did so, but I also stopped at this fast food place to drink water.

We finally left the doctor's appointment at around 4 p.m., and as we all should know, we were doggone tired.

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July 30, 1980 (continued). Grandma didn't sleep over this time, but I enjoyed *Different Strokes* and *The Factor of Life* so much, that Dona Plate appeared in both these programs.

July 31, 1980. You'll never believe what happened on the *Price is Right* today! There was this contestant named Stephanie who was called down on Contestants' Row, and she was the best bidder of the four (she won a dishwasher), meaning that she got to play a pricing game.

Today's pricing game was "The Race Game." In this contest, the contestant has 45 seconds to place the correct prices by their respective prices. Steffie thought that it was too painful to run in high heels, so he took them off, and I almost fainted! And with situation like this, she won the race game!

And I also predicting that once a female bids her shoes off, as Steffie did, it sounds like she would win every thing. I was right again! Stef won the spin-off & make her appearance on the showase and she did it impossible! She bid \$3,700 and was off by almost that much. But her opponent bid too high, and Steffie wins the showase.

July 31, 1980 (continued).

We have someone else who loves this situation, too! Her name is Theresa, and she is a cashier at the 7-11 food store over in La Habra. That's very nice for a 15-year-old young lady who still has her work cut out - but the bottom line - you get it - is that she hates to wear shoes to work. Now doesn't it sound like Anne Frank or Lou Anderson?

Once again, we went to the doctor's, but it wasn't a long stay as we predicted. There was enough time for Mom to read the "Debbie Do, Debbie Doer" article, and she did just that. I was thinking of copying that story myself to hang up in my bedroom, just to remind me of why I only wanted to do certain things around the house.

Stopped at Bobby's house tonight to see the kids, and I watch Mark & Mindy. A year ago, it was Robin Williams. This year it's Gina Hecht - but I'm the only one who thinks so. We stayed until 8:30 tonight, and there wasn't much left.

August 1, 1980. Is this a repeat already? After only four days? Well, while my mother was

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August 1, 1980 (continued) selling demos. I saw the adventures of The Price is Right. And do I mean adventures! I was rooting for this contestant named Kimberly, but before she finally went up on stage in her last attempt, everything went sour. A male contestant won a car. The next three contestants were female, but all of them lost. In fact, the male contestant ~~won~~ the first round of the showcase.

The fifth contestant was a lady who finally won something, but wanted to win the car as well. She decided to quit and take the prizes and was smart - she was wrong on the price of the car, anyway.

Then came Kimberly's turn because she finally won her way up - otherwise, that's it. But there she was - playing the Bonus Game. And you know what happened there? Kim and I guessed the exact same ways, and we were both right! So she wins the bonus!

Now she has to spin the wheel, and she ends up in the showcase! And after she and the male contestant battled it out to see who won, the winner was Kimberly! Her opponent was off by some \$1,000, and with Kim bidding \$5,600, I got nervous when it was her

August 1, 1980 (continued). turn. Bob Backer said, "And the actual retail price is \$5,601!" She won it by one dollar! One dollar, one dollar, one dollar! And I couldn't believe it! I was dying to tell Mom about this, and only a few days ago, there was this contestant who only won by two dollars! So today, we had a winner by a grand total of one dollar!

Oh yes! My mother! After missing two months with that cast on her arm, Mom finally comes back to work—but she got to sell Country Time Lemonade instead of Sprite. So? Mom was disappointed herself, because she preferred Sprite over anything else!

Despite all that sweetness, we still had to bring Grandma over to the house, and she slept in the couch where I was planning to watch TV. I did, but there were some interruptions, one of them happening on Different Strokes. I was taping that particular program tonight, but I also ended up taping our phone calls. I immediately thought of taping it in the other room, but there was nothing to come of it. That phone, too, was ringing. Bobby called, but I told him to call later because I desperately wanted the entire show updated taped. The other call was from ~~Bobby~~, who was ~~up~~ talking to Grandma.

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August 1, 1980 (continued).

And all off this jazz happened while taping screaming girls - and that's supposed to be the last words of the day! Oh, well, even that can't always work right.

This afternoon, I was trying to write in this diary about past events at the swimming pool, and I accidentally got it all wet! Since then, it was pretty hard to put anything down in situations like this.

August 2, 1980. Boy, am I glad I made the right move! Sherry and I went to the Corn-Festival Parade here in La Habra this morning. What we saw was just about the same old things - nothing much to talk about. Except for exposure of pretty toes donned by princesses.

In fact, we found a ~~a~~ situation up in the booth today. We found this lady judge who was flirting with her exercise randa, and for most of the time, she couldn't decide whether to keep them on or not. At least she gave me a good scare, but all things like that have to come to an end, too. She didn't want to try Loni Anderson's stunt of walking barefoot over broken glass. In fact, I was wishing that Loni were in the parade. Wait till 1981!

August 2, 1980 (continued).

After the parade was over, Sherry and I went over to the Nostalgia Store, to see if there was a home version of Jeopardy, one of my favorite game shows of all time. They didn't have that, but I looked at an old World Football League scorecard. Everything said about it made me crack up, because the league didn't last too long.

Then we called Gloriana to have her pick us up, and she did that a few minutes later. There was nothing left about the rest of the day when I came home. All I did was turn off the stereo immediately and turn on the baseball game - just to keep the loudspeakers shut off.

I slept over at my Grandma's house tonight for two reasons: to keep her company because she isn't feeling well, and to avoid having to hear the television set going on and on. For this reason, I always consider storing all the TV sets in my bedroom, and keeping them off! I'm always picky on television shows.

August 3, 1980. My parents are going to the Country Club in Los Angeles tonight. For a couple of weeks I couldn't decide on whether I should be going there or not. The reason why they are going there is

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August 2, 1980 (continued) because a member of our family, Norman Dreyfus, turns 60 years old tonight! But I felt that there would be no young girls for me at the party, so instead, I went over to Grandma's house and slept there.

I watched the Angels-Blue Jays game from Toronto this morning, and they have one of the most beautiful ^{up}ball parks in this country! I watched half the game before we went to K-Mart's to buy myself a new electric shaver. We saw our friend Petra, who happens to be working at the store and who also cleans up Grandma's house.

But after this and the Brea Mall, I didn't go anywhere else - except to Grandma's house. Still considering on going on a diet, I stopped at the 7-11 food store to pick up a TV Dinner, then to my house and picked up the foot care kit.

When I came back to Grandma's, I was dying for 6:30 to show up, so that I can watch Joker, Joker, Joker! and clean my pretty feet. (Note: If I was a lady, I'd have red toenail polish on now!)

After that, it was half of the Quiz Kids, Archie Bunker's Place, and One Day at a Time. Archie Bunker's Place got my attention the most tonight. This 11-year-old

August 3, 1980, (continued). girl named Danielle Briscois was having trouble with her homework on State Capitals, and I would have easily done it at her age. What made it look kind of painful was that she had to do all of her homework in the Tavern. I guess that she had to time for boys!

A couple of hours later, I read *Little Darlings*, and then it was bedtime for me.

August 4, 1980. One year ago today, I was at Claudette's wedding, where I ended up bombshelled in every single direction, because 15 girls kicked their shoes off, and one of those was the bride. I still can't get it off my mind!

But what I'd just love to get off my mind is what Dave said to me today. He wanted me to practice on staying on one subject and also to practice being quiet, which is suggestion #4. Oh, how I hate going to Straight Talk Clinic!

The situation happened over at Shakey's, where I met this cashier from North Carolina, and I told her I had a dream the other night that I received a phone call and they told me it was a wrong number. Not just any wrong number. This particular phone call came from North Carolina!

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August 4 1980 (continued). Dave caught me saying that, and for this reason, I was dying to get home! And all of a sudden, I got the feeling that Dave didn't want me to talk to girls anymore, but tell him that's impossible to happen!

Never mind the painful section, let's get to the fun part. I watched the Price is Right ~~on~~ TV, and I ended up having two contestants named Teresa! I just didn't know whom to root for, so whichever Teresa won the showcase had to make me happy. (The one wearing the neon outfit won today's showcase.)

And guess who came over today? It was Randy and his girlfriend Eva! We happened to have a sweet time with each other, and it was Eva who caught my attention the most! She happens to be the most impressive woman I have met since Francine!

Between Straight Talk and Randy and Eva, I stopped off at the Auto Club to pick up books on anything I didn't have around the house, which included The Canadian Provinces. We're still not planning to take a real vacation this summer, but I was just trying to pretend that we were going on vacation, anyway.

August 4, 1980 (continued) Outside and across the street there was a Supperware party at Donna's house, and while that was going on, I started to read my Ontario book, and got nervous! I have no idea why I did that.

After barely making it with "WKRP in Cincinnati," I went to Grandma's house and listened to the Angels' game, and heard "Here comes Mawry Wills to the mound." I said to myself, "Mawry Wills is the new manager of the Seattle Mariners?" I found out that he happens to be the M's new skipper. The other manager, Darrell Johnson, was fired.

August 5, 1980. Pretty soon, I started to learn quite a lot more about Eva! She happens to love cleaning up the place, and to tell you why, look what she did this afternoon: she was folding all the clothes that were there in the dryer, and after showing her where they belong, Eva put them away. Never did we have such company like this! That makes me feel like I now have another adopted sister (Nancy is the other).

And speaking of Nancy, our little darling flew to New Jersey to see a friend of hers for a couple of weeks (she was also thinking of stopping off at the Democratic National Convention, where we want Kennedy

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August 5, 1980 (continued) to get bombshelled). I am currently typing up some papers for her to ~~give to~~ her students at Leasa next month, and she'll be dying to see them all.

Randy and Eva went to Laguna Beach today, while Mom, Grandma, and myself drove over to La Mirada for another doctor's appointment. During all this time, I was trying to do my Clerical Record Keeping book, but I was putting it off all the time, thinking to myself, "When are we going on vacation?" The answer: we don't know there. I'll tell you this: if Sherry and I really start thinking about a nice relationship like, say, next year, and we plan to get married, we'd love to spend our first six weeks of marriage on the road!

If Debbie Graham says "yes" to the idea that just came up on earning money while going to school, and it stays that way, maybe I'll invite Sherry all the way to New York next summer and see Randy and his parents. And Sherry would forget about sleeping in New Jersey!

I was thinking to myself that if I behave nicely the next few months, maybe we'll take a weekend vacation in Monterey and see this girl named Maureen, whom I've known since I was six years old.

August 5, 1980 (continued).

Randy and Eva, besides going to Laguna Beach, also ran into Scott and Felice, their cousins who reside in Monterey Park and the last time we saw them was when Super Bowl XIII was played. In that particular visit, the biggest football game of the year wasn't easy to watch, I wasn't so interested in Felice that day, but now I should have.

And after that, I slept in Grandma's house, but instead of using her couch, as I always had, I slept in her bed, but that wasn't an easy task to begin with. I had to get rid of all that coffee stain on the bed-sheet (I was wondering where all that smell came from) and change it. After organizing myself with that "new" bed, I finally got to my beauty sleep.

August 6, 1980. Because of the time that I still had my work cut on this diary, it now seems pretty hard on what I did on this particular day.

At any rate, Mom, Grandma, and I went window shopping this afternoon as we went first to Gemco, then to Lohmann's. During the time that we were at Lohmann's, I stopped off at the AAA

August 6, 1980 (continued) Across the street to see if there were any books concerning Puerto Rico. There were none. I ended up getting an AAA book on California-Nevada to give to Randy. The best place to get out-of-town books is at the AAA Club in La Habra, then it was back to Lohmann's.

Randy and Eva had quite a ball today. First of all, they stopped over at Pandora's house to talk to her, then ~~took~~ me back to the house and they were on their way to Television City, where they would be in the audience of the taping of a new show, "That's my Line." Even with the actors' strike still going on.

But then again, we had our work cut out for ourselves, because once Randy and Eva came back, the next thing we had to do was eat over at the Brea Mall. It's still the most beautiful shopping center in the nation.

We all ate at Kaplan's restaurant tonight, and it took Randy and Eva ~~if~~ about an hour to finish eating, and it was almost 9:00 before they finally left the restaurant. What I had on my mind was taking both Randy and Eva to the shopping place itself. I still had enough

August 6, 1980 (continued) time to go to the book store to see if they finally had the 1980 NFL Record Manual I was ~~finally~~ looking for. No! It seems that for the first time ever, no book like this would be published. Instead, I got the nice lady organist who really dressed ladylike - she wore cliffhangers!

At last, Randy and Eva were ready to walk around the mall. During the time they were eating Bobby stopped by with the kids to eat dinner. Both Sammy and Joshy ordered chocolate milk, which was what I used to order for breakfast at restaurants all the time. Randy still thought of me as a "french fries" eater, but don't consider that anymore. To eat french fries in front of Sherry sounds painful!

When ~~Dad~~ Sammy and Joshy finished eating, he took the kids over to the skating rink to see if they can hear any music. And speaking of music, they told us that they now have the Chipmunks album around the house. It started a few weeks ago when I turned on my radio to listen to the song "Call Me," but instead of Blondie singing it was the Chipmunks who did that! The next day, I heard those cute little animals sing "You May Be Right," one of the major hits recorded by Billy Joel.

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August 6, 1980 (continued) So, we were dying to get to Bobby's house to hear the kids' new album, but I was also dying to catch a few glimpses of Dana Plato. Even if it is a repeat of that show.

So I found out that it was a cute album they've got there. I also started to read that article on how Murray Wilk got to be named the new manager of the Seattle Mariners.

But, even with that kind of success, I slept over at Grandora's house for the fifth straight night.

August 7, 1980. It sounded so much that for the last three days, my life was going to be boring. But not this time. Today, Randy and Eva decided to go to Laguna Beach today, and they asked me if I wanted to come with them. I said, "Yes, Randy and Eva, I'm going!" Now doesn't that sound like Debbie Do?

Debbie Do was talking to Randy about considerations that I should exercise and go on a diet. How many times do I have to tell you I hate talking about that? In fact, Randy and I talked about it so much, I missed the first three minutes of The Price is Right. And I had my work cut out on that show!

August 7, 1980 (continued).

After the Price is Right came to an end, Randy gave me his flashlight to keep, and he, Eva and I went back to the house to get ready to go to the beach.

Not quite. I called Sherry to see if she was interested in going to Laguna Beach, and not surprisingly, she ~~was~~ I only had a limited amount of time to get ready myself, and that just happened to me.

Eva told me that if I was going to bring a radio to the beach, I should bring an earplug as well. She is not the type of girl who listens to music while at the beach, not even on Coney Island. Because Randy lives in New York, he'll be expecting to hear a lot of radios blaring out music on WABC. I still miss that station when I'm not near it.

And, a few minutes later, Randy, Eva and I were ready to pick up Sherry. She really looks like Blondie! And so Eva drove us all the way to Laguna Beach, where she had a few minutes of trouble looking for a parking spot. When she did, we started to walk down to the best spot on the beach that we could find.

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August 7, 1980 (continued).

Oh, did we have a ball at the beach today! In using Dave's advice about being "picky," I sure was! I met this young lady named Robin, who was saying that she would, someday, go to Cypress College. But that was after Sherry and I brought it up. Robin happens to be living currently in Palm Springs, but if she did decide that C.C. would be the best thing for her, she and her mother, who is also named Sherry, would have to move near that place.

Which reminds me: when I go back to Cypress next month, I'll tell Kathy Fay that we found another student for her - over at Laguna Beach. And if I was correct, she just started to learn numbers at age 22-23, which is the same procedure for Sherry. To avoid confusion between the two Sherrys, I had to call one of them Blondie. Mine.

And, as promised, I wanted to try Randy's Crackups game, "Pig Mania." You play this game with two miniature pigs instead of dice, and the pigs have to stand into a position so that you can score points. If the pigs lie down in opposite directions, it is considered a "pig out"; no points are scored and your turn comes to an end. Randy and I started playing this game, and

August 7, 1980 (continued) after he tired out, Sherry took over. She happened to enjoy the game the most!

At around 3:30, we started to go home, and we went inside the Mariners' bookstore. Guess what? They had the 1980 NFL Record Manual at last! And it took me over a month to get that book! But now, as I say, it was worth the wait.

And it wasn't easy to buy that book, either. With me, of course, was Sherry^(Blondie). And Bandy and Eva, who still caught my attention. But with the fact that none of the other bookstores had this book, I got it on the first try. That was the same routine with "Little Darlings."

Plus, there was a saleslady who took off her blistery things and I got the feeling that the NFL book came from her. Actually, I got ~~to~~ pay the cashier, the book downstairs; and she, too, dressed casually. I just love to buy things and pay lady cashiers who wear grubby clothes around the store. But it was Eva, Sherry, Blondie, and Robin who made my day, not the VFL book!

Yes, all of us were looking forward to taking showers after we got back home, because we would soon eat a

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August 7, 1980 (continued) nice-looking dinner. Mom made kugel this morning, and that happens to be one of my favorite dishes!

Robert came over with Rebecca, Danny, Joshy and Sammy, who brought his chismunk album over so that we could hear it. We did, but only one song: "Call Me." After that we shut the stereo off, never to be heard from since.

After dinner the kids messed around for two hours, which included taking turns at the guitar (I saw Debbie and Cindy outside), I finally had to sleep at Grandma's house - again. Tomorrow is back to normal.

Rebecca took home another one of my games, and I just don't know when this is going to stop. I really thanked Eva for the wonderful time I had with her, because in a few days she will be living at an apartment in Philadelphia. I hope she enjoys life there.

August 8, 1980. Now that Randy and Eva left the house, I guess there isn't much to talk about today. Mom, because of the point that we're going to Laguna Niguel to see Suzy and Marilyn tomorrow, did not go to her demo job today. Sheray didn't do anything much herself, either. In fact, when I'm not around,

Sherry just sits there and does nothing. In fact, there really was nothing special to do.

Except watch the Price is Right, only to run into another barefooted lady contestant on television, this one named Kathryn, but she wasn't as successful as Steffie.

And to go to Gemco, where I would run into another surprise: Sheri, who last year worked in the record department, was back in the store again! I was thinking about her every time we came to Gemco, and I said, "Sheri, is that you?" It sure was.

And, as usual, we went to Albertson's. I never expected Tracey to wear shorts to work, but she did! And Lori was there, too. We went to that store twice today; the first time for Mom to see an Aron customer, and the second time for our normal food shopping.

At the same time, I was wondering if we were going to be home in time to watch "The Facts of Life," and we did just that - ten minutes before it started.

The Facts of Life, as you know by now, has only seven girls, but when they all yell and scream together, it becomes 647. Mom liked this cute little program,

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August 8, 1980 (continued) so much, she was dying to see it again next week. And I was dying to go to sleep myself, which I finally really did after midnight. Considered ~~as~~ too late to get girls on my mind!

August 9, 1980. Never mind the fact that St's Dad's birthday. I did most of the enjoyment, not he!

Today, we drove to Laguna Niguel to see Miriam, Suzzy, Ray, and Marilyn. It was a pretty nice ride, but I wanted to go in and trip, even as when we went to Idine a couple of years ago.

But, at least, that's going somewhere! And it's about time we started going away on weekends just as we did two years ago. But it was worth the trip, and how!

At 10:30 I put on a "Factor of Life" tape and started to take all the nostalgia photos from the past and show them to Suzzy and Lynn. At the end of the tape we started to leave the house and get our car washed. We did both of these things. The weather was around 85°-90°, perfect for the weekend. And when I saw Miriam and Suzzy out there, I said, "Oh my gosh! There's Miriam and Suzzy!"

August 9, 1980 (continued). Miriam happens to live in a Laguna Niguel retirement home that is consisted of a restaurant, maid service, and a gift shop. My heart was really beating for that gift shop, because I thought of living in such a place like this - 45 years from now!

In fact, Sweet Sue told us that we would be going to the restaurant, where she told us that we could order by pencil. That's right, by pencil! Anything that you decide to order on these menus, you mark it down with a pencil. In this case, I ordered enchiladas, vegetable mushroom soup, and tomato juice. All of us had a pretty good meal. In fact, Dad was celebrating his birthday along with Ray, and the two were surprised to have this waitress come along with six other people to give them a nice-looking cake.

Suzzy also told me that she's planning to become an Aphasia teacher in the fall. That's very nice. I would love to see her work with either Nancy or Kathy. And I told her that I'm still typing all those papers for Nancy to give to her on opening day.

After lunch Suzzy showed us the building, then we went outside for a while to see what the outdoors is like. And to make it sweet, she let me use her

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August 9, 1980 (continued) camera to take pictures with Tommy. I never learned how to use a \$200 camera, but once I did, I just loved taking pictures of the family.

We did a little bit of golfing, and these days it reminds Tom of watching The Price is Right on TV, where if you make a hole in one, you win a new car. Mom's performance wasn't even that close to winning a new car. But he enjoyed it very well!

Pretty soon, we came back to the apartment, and guess who showed up? Bobby and the kids. Mom's feeling is that Sammy was delighted to see cousin Abby! A few times, I was asking him to tell Sue about the chipmunk. Abner, but he was kind of afraid to talk about it. We surprised Ray with a photo album of nostalgic pictures that were of himself when he was a kid, and all of us cracked up! I showed Sue and Lynn all those pictures of us, and not surprisingly, the one they liked the best was the Pukini Lady!

But, when it was all over, I had a lot of fun with the girls, because I hadn't seen them in five years!

After we left Laguna Hills (there's a shopping center over there so that any time Sherry and I decide to go down

August 9, 1980 (continued) There, we could do all our window shopping!), we went to Bobby's house.

This time, it was Sammy who decided that he would sleep over our house. Mom was upset on whether she'd eat dinner at Bobby's or at home. In the meantime, I turned on the Raiders' football game (that's nice, but I still don't know why they couldn't move down here from Oakland) and waited for some results. They were: we'd eat dinner at Bobby's, so he, Sammy, and Miltz went down to the pizza parlor, and minutes later, we did in.

After we were finished with the pizzas, we took Sammy back to the house, and like I said, he slept over the place. Before we left Bobby's, I took a picture of Joshy locking himself up in the suitcase.

It was fun at my house, too. Sammy and I played Connect Four, watched the Padres and Chargers on TV (I understand that we still get the cable from San Diego) and on the Padres' commercials, I cracked up on the "Sorry, Mr. Inflation" ad, because it was Food Basket, not Lucky! Besides sports, I saw "That's My Line," and "The Love Boat." The best parts I liked were the strip-tease teacher and the performances of Barbra Benton. Yes, both girls made me faint!

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August 10, 1980. When I was a kid I always used to get every toy in the world, either because they advertised it on TV or because I saw what I like. Today, my two kids, Sammy and Joshy, have more toys in the house than I've had my whole life. And when they play with toys I mean they play with toys!

Consider what happened this morning. Sammy asked me three times to play Connect Four with him, and I finally got to play with him. And every time Sammy and I try to play nicely, Joshy always keeps coming in and out of the room to interrupt things. We're both afraid he's gonna make it more of a mess than of a help. I was yelling for Bobby just to get his attention, but the screaming seemed to get worse. And I get so nervous every time Robert yells at the kids for doing something wrong I am to crack up.

Here's another point with the kids: if Joshy and Sammy would behave for at least five minutes, Bobby would take them to the circus, in which we did so today. But, as everyone knows, we didn't do it the easy way. Joshy didn't have any shoes on around the house (we consider him as undressed), and for this family Bobby doesn't want the kids to go to places in their bare feet. Sammy has to wear this piece of tape on his eyeglasses, just to prove that he can see with one

August 10, 1980 (continued) eye. And as far as I'm concerned, I'm looking forward to the circus, because this is the first time I ever went to one.

So, after I ate lunch, Bobby took the kids and myself to the circus, but as soon as we passed Jojo's, Joshy got upset about something. Bobby didn't like what he said, and all of a sudden, he tries to turn the car around and head towards Placentia. That would mean no circus for Joshy. Or Sammy or me or Bobby. Because of Joshy's fault.

But Bobby decided to take Joshy after all, and we drove down Harbor Blvd. the rest of the way until we reached the Anaheim Convention Center. Bob went to the ticket office, picked up the tickets and inside we went. The first things the kids wanted for souvenirs was circus programs. When we got to our seats, I was just dying to look inside the program book, because I would be expecting to find photos of lady performers who kicked off their high heels.

And I did. The one that caught my attention the most was Danuta. She was wearing tights and a leotard, and that's all. I was dying to take a picture of her when she came out, and that I did. She did a marvelous performance.

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August 10, 1980 (continued) At least, the kids were finally starting to behave during the circus performance, and to make it sweet, we bought them refreshments during the intermission.

In the second half, Sammy got to see his favorite section: the tigers. He just seems to eat, drink and sleep tigers the way I eat, drink and sleep ladies. It was his favorite part of the circus.

But the bottom fell out for the kids - so badly. After the circus was over, Sammy and Joshy took their turns of bad habits. I don't remember what Bobby got for Joshy, but with Sammy, it was just impossible. Consider the 5-year-old kid: he first wanted to get a sun hat, then changed his mind and bought a clarinet. And Bobby was yelling, "Sammy, what do you want me to get you?!" Joshy, by the way, got a sun hat - I thought I forgot.

And then the time that we get into the station wagon, where the two kids were having a rough time with their father. Sammy then complained that the clarinet was not his kind of toy. I was suggesting that he open it when we get to the house. Joshy wanted to share his Cracker Jacks with Sammy, but instead spilled it all over the car and Bobby was furious. He warned Joshy that if he did this one more time, Bobby would never take him to the circus again!

August 10, 1980 (continued)

So, as a result, as soon as the circus was over, the two kids become bad boys, and it's a shame that it had to happen in front of me. It's always rough to control myself whenever something like this happens, because I intend to laugh nervously. But the kids have to complain about things somehow; they're not exactly like me.

When Bobby left the house with the kids, he had to get a baby-sitter for them because he had to go to a get together party to see somebody he knows.

August 11, 1980. For the first time in two years I am starting a diet! That means we are not supposed to be eating such stuff as matzah brei, noodles, or bread, and my feeling was that Brooke Shields must have "fired" all those foods. That's because I saw the movie, "Just You and Me Kid," and in one of those parts, Brooke exposes her body in front of the camera! And she later falls down and breaks her ankle! It sounds like she's telling me, "Marty, I want you to go on a diet starting tomorrow."

If you can consider an omelette and hash browns for lunch as a diet, I guess so. But then again, I had my work cut out, because it was time for Straight Talk

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August 11, 1980 (continued) Clinic once again, and let's see what's up to Dave.

There is Dave, you ask? He was so busy with a lot of things, that he wasn't able to come over until a quarter of 4. And when he did show up, Dave and I went over to Shakey's again.

This time, he and I were talking about how not to be afraid of exposure, as was the case with Jane Curtin and Brooke Shields. He was telling me that there is absolutely nothing wrong with barefooted cashiers, braless females, and barbackers. Or something like that. And Dave was also talking about what impressions I get out of a female. Such as the case of this new employee we ran into today - her name is Sandy. Dave asks, "What do you like about Sandy?" and I tried to get out of it off my mind. I said her smile was considered as the best, and also that she gets along well with customers.

But how time flies when you're having fun, because the time was already 5:00 in the afternoon when Dave dropped me off! And I wanted to go to the Auto Club in the worst way - at about ten minutes before closing time.

Unfortunately, I ended myself up in a mess, and Dad asked me not to go to the AAA to have anybody pick me

August 11, 1980 (continued) up. But he told me that Carter won the Democratic Convention already!

August 12, 1980. There really wasn't that much excitement that came out of us today. For the third straight Tuesday a male contestant won a showcase on "The Price is Right," but Holly continued to make me blush. Then we picked up Grandma and took her to Dr. Hoffman's office for another eye prescription. After that was over, we went to the library.

All I did inside the library was to return back the Runners' World Magazine and try to find the Debbie Do article, when suddenly Mom told me that Grandma fell down in the car and hurt her leg. Instead of taking her back to her apartment, we instead rushed her to the hospital for some testing. We are not sure upon when she'll come out, but I'll guarantee you this: after she gets out of the hospital, she'll never go back into her apartment again.

That's because a couple of weeks ago, while Grandma was taking a nap, she could not realize that there was a gas smell in the kitchen. With that point in mind, we asked her never to live alone again! And so, in a few days, we'll be planning to shut down her apartment.

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August 13, 1980. I was watching the Angels-Mariners baseball game on TV, when all of a sudden, the phone rang. It was for me. I was wondering who was on the other end of the phone, thinking that it's Toby.

Wrong. Would you believe that it was Robin Ezra, the young lady who I met at the beach last week, on the receiving end? I thought it was Robin Smith, my old piano teacher, who was calling me. Nope. It's the other Robin. She gave me an invitation for me and Blondie to go to Laguna Beach tomorrow. But not this time. Mom doesn't want us to schlep all the way there.

At last, I've wanted things to come my way. My parents weren't home when I got the surprise call; they went to the hospital, again to check the condition of Grandma. But I still reminded them that they would call her back, because Robin and Sherry (Robin's mother) are nice people. They already remind me of Abba, Corrine, and Vonda.

If "Call Me" happens to be Blondie's (that's Gloria's daughter, not Deborah Harry from New Jersey!) and my theme song this year, you better believe it! Uncle Ben also called this afternoon to pick up the number of the hospital, and as I was getting the phone book, I knocked down my Score Four game by accident. Obviously, he wanted to know how

August 13, 1980 (continued) Grandma was doing.

With the Democratic Convention still going on, the only TV I really watched was "The Old Couple," and portions of the Angels game. My day was successful enough to read "Little Darlings."

August 14, 1980. Today is my brother Alan and sister-in-law Shirley's wedding anniversary. I can still picture in my head on what happened that particular day in 1966. I did not really dance with any girls in Chicago, because all I thought I was going to bed. Because the wedding was held in the Windy City, I had to sleep there. Which is what I did at the wedding. Go to sleep.

I hate cloudy weather, because there aren't that many chances of seeing girls in a bikini. But Mom and I delivered Avon books this morning, and there weren't too many people outside except one. This customer named Kathy, who was joggling in and out of the house to get her Avon order.

After we ran into our usual "Price is Right" and "Card Sharks," we again went to the hospital and Mother and I went in to see Grandma. Being that she was in the hospital, I got into my nervous mood, thinking that Grandma was getting weaker.

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August 14, 1980 (Continued) Instead, I saw her feeling much better, and now it seems that she will be home this Sunday.

Then it was the usual Joanne image for me, and I started to read some of the magazines the hospital they had - Woplog (those articles of Valerie Bestinelli caught my attention). And at around 2 p.m. we left the hospital and went over to the 7-11 food store, and we gave Teresa and Aron Book. After that, there was nothing much worth talking about.

August 15, 1980. And now I can really consider Sherry as my girlfriend! I've waited four years for this to happen to me, and maybe the reason why I couldn't see any other females on our block is that because Sherry could be standing in the way. After all, it was Futhie who was suggesting to me a few years ago that I'm going to be dating some girl, in a steady position one of these days. And now Sherry is the one, and as if Valerie Bestinelli heard this about me, she would have said, "That's wonderful, Monty! I'm glad that you've finally started to go out with someone, and may I suggest a few things when you take her out?" Sure, Val, give me a rough time. "Okay. Number one, when you go out with Sherry, you're not supposed to bring up any other girls that you know of, because she might get jealous." Such as Theresa or Lori? "Yep, because

August 15, 1980 (continued). she might think that you're going out with them instead of her. Second, when you don't have enough cash and Sherry has plenty of money to spend, it's not polite to have her pay for your things, because she could get embarrassed this way. And last, let her know what time you plan to take her home because Sherry has to be concerned with her parents, too. And stay alert in front of her, and don't wander off, looking for other girls!"

Very good explanation, Goddess Valerie. What Sherry and I did in real life was see this oh-my-gosh movie called "The Blue Lagoon" starring Brooke Shields. In that particular scene, I liked all the parts where Brooke was really exposing herself, and all I said was, "Oh, my gosh!" I acted like I was fainting from that movie! Brooke's got nice legs, too, considering that he's only 15 years old!

As for other things, Gloriana, who also decided to see "Blue Lagoon," first let me go to the Auto Club in hopes of picking up the AAA Caribbean book, which I didn't. Instead, I was picking up an application for a membership card - only to be turned down by Papa. After that Glori stopped at Ted Mart, where my mother was selling Wiki Wiki potato chips. We ran into her into the parking lot just as Mom was coming home for lunch. Once Sherry and I went

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August 15, 1980 (continued) into the store, it was Sherry who bought everything. But the kitchen sink. She bought some candy, which is really not good for you, and a few other items which I could not remember.

What about Grandma, you ask? She went to the hospital with Dad this evening, and now the doctors say it is very definite that she'll be coming over to our apartment this Sunday. It's kind of painful to see her live by herself anymore, because she can't control herself.

August 16, 1980 Boy, did I ever have such a ball at the Luau tonight! But, to tell you the truth, everything seemed dull at the start. The stereo was blasting this morning and so I tried to hide from it, Dad called me three or four times to work out on the adding machine. Even when he drove Mom to the Fed Mart store for her weekly demos.

At around 3:00 or so, Dad and I went over to the barber shop to get haircuts, which we did. I don't like it when my hair is cut too short, but now that Ruthie's in the Air Force, I guess I'll have to go to this 'Hungarian barber' for my 'cuts'. This place has a TV set so that the guys want to watch sports events, and even with Sherry around, I'm one

August 16, 1980 (continued). of those types who does.

And now for the luau. Dad dropped me off at the Braille Institute in Anaheim so that Toby and I will whoop it up tonight. But before my cousin showed up, I ran into Sandy, who said that she had met me before at the Buena Park dance a couple of years ago. Sandy wore a red dress to the party - and that's it! She caught my attention before Toby did!

Toby came about 15 minutes later, and she and I were starting to talk about her upcoming trip to Vermont. My dad is about the only one who has been there before, but Tobala is not likely to feel my father's footsteps.

We also saw Molly and a couple other persons she happens to know. And when it was dinner time, I decided to get into the line where Sandy was serving all that food.

Then came the show: all the girls were doing hula dances, and to make it sweet, most of them came from the Pacific section (i.e., Hawaii, American Samoa, Guam, etc.). They even taught myself and Toby on to do these Hawaiian dances. After that section was over one of the girls told me that the one from Samoa happens to

August 16, 1980 (continued) ~~know~~ Meleane Laumalia, who now lives in Hawaii. Meleane used to be a teacher's aide in Nancy's class, and I'm dying to tell my adopted sister about Mel when she comes back from New Jersey!

I also ran into Kevin Rapp, whom I haven't seen in two years. As I expected him to tell me, he indeed went to that blind school up in Albany, and I think he still attends class there. But a few minutes later, Sandy stole the show by dancing with me, and Kevin was on his way home.

Toby was on her way home, too, so I called the hospital to see if my parents were still around Grandma. If they were, I'd ask them if it was possible for them to take her home at 10:00 instead of 8:30. Instead of my parents answering, it was Grandma who did so, and boy, did she and I really not like two stubborn bries people! So Toby left at 8:30, and one by one, all of us got tired of the luan and started to leave the place. I left at a quarter to ten, obviously in a faint spell, whereas Sandy gave me a night I would not forget. Sandy really reminded me of Francine!

September 1, 1980. As you might expect, there are times that I'll have to stop it with this diary. That's because we've turned our house into a shambles for quite a lot of reasons, which started out on August 16, when Grandma finally moved into our house for good. And I've waited eight years for something like this to happen. To tell you how scary it started, consider this: Dad escorted Grandma out of the hospital in a wheelchair, and I was thinking to myself, "Is she going to be in a wheelchair for the rest of her life?" Dad responded, "No, Marty, she's not going to even be in a wheelchair. The only reason I've brought this out is because she can't walk too well anymore." I felt relieved about that!

The next week, I couldn't decide whether I should be keeping my old room or ~~I~~ move into the ~~front~~ room. By the time the weekend arrived, I finally decided upon the front room, and as I predicted, we were really off to a messy start, I was just dying to take a break, so that I could really get ready to go to the airport!

Oh yes, the airport. That place always gets my attention, considering that the last time I was there, we had just come back from Miami. On this trip, we picked up Mlle and Sue when there was speculation that I shouldn't go

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September 1, 1980 (Continued) to the airport. But I did, ran into
Dad and Sue, and ~~then~~ picked up a New American Airlines
schedule. Of course, the next point was getting all that
luggage, which finally came about 15 minutes later. I love
flying!

After we left the airport, Dad showed Artie and Sue their
version of Hollywood. They enjoyed it so much, even if the
actors were still on strike. I wished that I was so popular
in Los Angeles, but I always have my chances. So after
that we started towards home and listened to the Angels Hour
another one to the Yankees. And they would finally get Brian
Downing off the disabled list today!

Sue caught my attention during the time she was here; I was
very impressed with her performances. In fact, I gave her
the extra copy of the California AAA book, and she enjoyed it
very much! I'll tell you this: Sweet Sue's not afraid
of anything! In fact, she was talking about going to
Disneyland, Knott's Berry Farm, and the Cliffranger attraction,
Universal Studios.

September 2, 1980. Part II about Grandma. Because
she had just fell down while I was dropping a book
off at the library, the doctor advised her not to live
by herself. ~~with her~~. I am 90% right with the doctor.

September 2, 1980 (continued) Every time I try to call her up whenever we ask her to be picked up for a ride, I always feel that something's about to go wrong. Sometimes I hear 8, 9, or 10 rings, she's home, but there's no answer. How painful! Another thing is that she had just lost her contact lenses and thus needs help in walking down steps. Of course, it would be impossible for her to jog, because she's way too old for that.

What about the 10%? I'll tell you this. Since my father likes the television set on weekends, I usually plan to go to Grandma's house to not only keep her company, but to keep away from the TV set as well.

And now the apartment! During the last couple of weeks, we had been getting so much stuff out of her apartment, you wouldn't believe it! Out of that place went her furniture, her books (she hadn't bought a single book for herself since moving to California in 1972), even her refrigerator was moved to our house. If you wanna make it worse, I had since switched bedrooms, moving everything from one place to another. With just about three to four weeks of busy work and having to type papers for Nancy, I could not write anything in this diary. This way, I'm saving my notes from being bored.

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September 2, 1980 (continued). And now comes my favorite section of this diary - Sherry. I still can't say enough about her - and to make that sweet, I went with her two days in a row - once to Cypress College, and once to Laguna Beach.

September 8, 1980. Opening day at Cypress College - that's what I always call the first day of anything that starts a new season. It's like playing a season-opener baseball game. On opening day, it's always the same old routine - just preparing yourself for another big offer - although it later gets boring. Sounds like I'm always saying to myself, "Maybe this is the year I'll not be doing this or that."

Anyway, I started the 1980-81 season with a cloud in my head. It was raining this morning, and my mind has been on Barbara the bus driver all weekend long. I had a bad dream about her, in which she died while boring herself in front of the television. When I hear from her in real life, I'll tell one of the bus drivers about this!

I also started the season without my "girlfriend" Sherry, who was going to come into the afternoon class and was too busy this morning. So I came to Cypress College myself and just had to get used to all the ingredients for 1980-81.
(Continued on back page)

September 8, 1980 (continued).

I ran into a lot of my old-time lady fans this morning - Valerie, Teri, Mte, Teresa, and my feeling was that they're gonna give me a very sweet time all along. I only wish that this was high school all over again.

October 7, 1980. Hello again, America! I have not written in this diary for about a month, and as you may now, I was busy - quite busy. Just consider what had happened to me during this one-month span:

I wasn't sure about whether or not I was going to be in word processing because I missed the first Thursday class because of a dumb Jewish holiday. So what happened? Marly Bergerud, the teacher, dropped me from her classroom because I was not listening. And I felt it was a dumb way to drop me! To me, the test I was supposed to take did not occur until two weeks later must have been the reason why this had to happen. But, I promised myself that I'll definitely take it next semester.

Barbie Doll, as I call her who drove the 29 this summer, is back! I was really surprised to see her on Sept. 22 following a visit to Nancy's. Barbie told

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October 7, 1980 (continued). that she takes the 37 south bound at 6:56 in the morning, and I felt that was a pretty good time to get to school. And so I saw her the next morning, even though a student of hers was driving. Pretty soon me and Barbie rose to fame on the 37 after taking 17 days on what had happened to her.

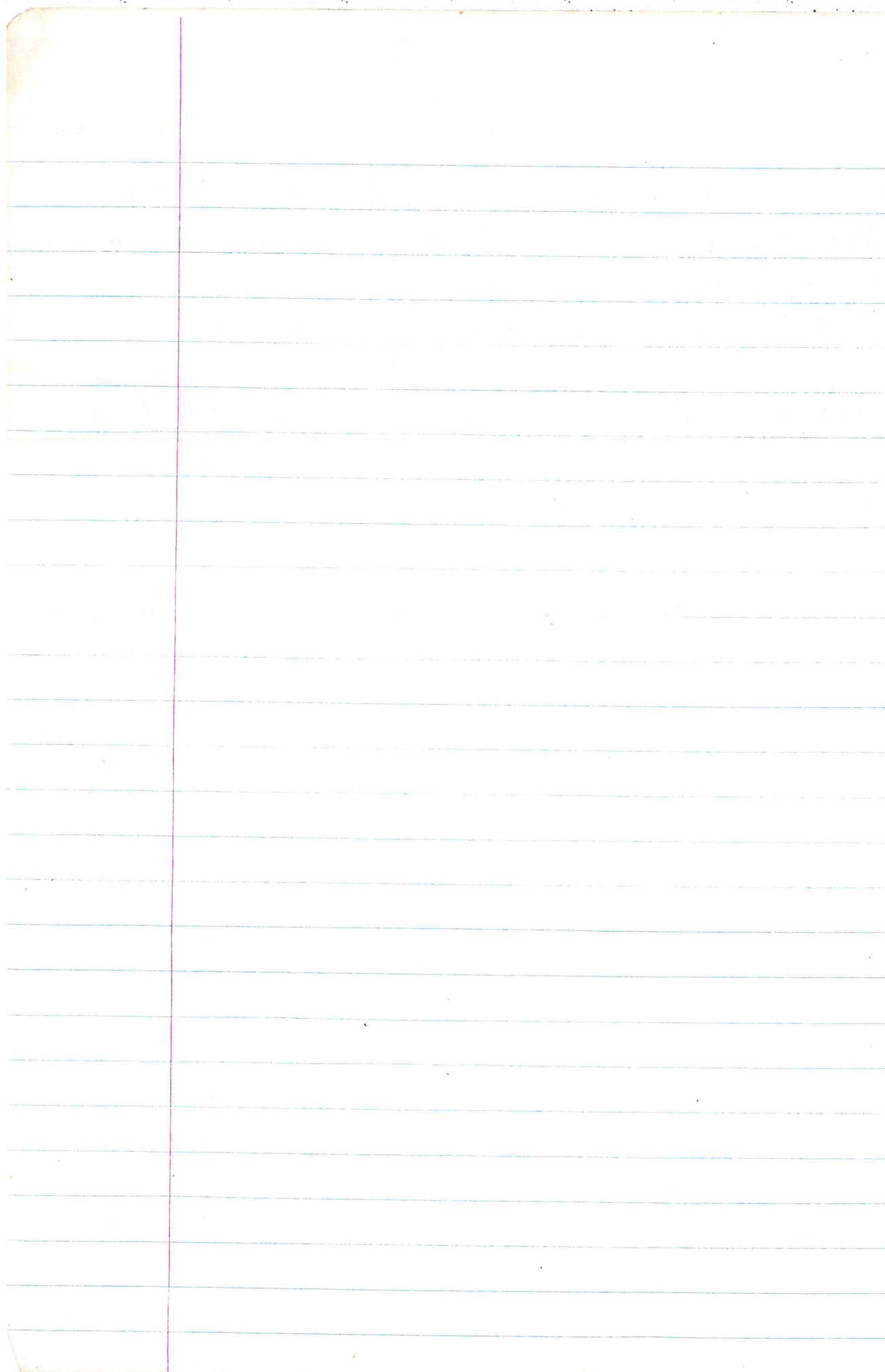
And now, my favorite section - Sherry! In the last couple of weeks, and for mom and dad this is a C-crit, Sherry and I have really both getting together so well on the bus, that we're now boyfriend and girlfriend. Really! And I've waited four years for something like this to happen!

Which brings us to the main topic for today - love and affection. When I typed my story about our trip to Miami, I said that we were greeted, hugged, and kissed, and ~~it~~ also said I only kiss females. That is still the same situation for me today, I kiss girls and give boys a pat on the back. Boys can decide on what they should do to me, but as has been the case the last five years, I prefer girls to touch me - and more often than boys.

As for Sherry, she is about the first girlfriend I ever

October 7, 1980 (continued) had who doesn't mind putting my head on her shoulder. That feels so comfortable when this happens, she almost puts me to sleep. Sorry, parents! I don't want to waste another four years on that!

Had I met Sherry four years ago and we did the same things then as we do today I would have ~~never~~ never watched Valerie Bertinelli or Loni Anderson on television.



How Super Bowl XIV Was Narrated

The Steelers and the Rams arrived at this championship game from opposite directions.

In the 14-year history of the Super Bowl, never have two teams been so different. The Steelers were the defending champions. They have the best record in the NFL (12 wins and 4 losses), and came to Pasadena supported by the loudest, most loyal fans in all of football.

The Rams, on the other hand, had the worst record of any team (9 wins and 7 losses) ever to play in a Super Bowl and, unlike the Steelers, they looked at their fans with cynicism and indifference. But these were the same people who had booed and insulted them at mid-season when they were hurt and in second place.

The Rams came to the Super Bowl with a grim resolve to erase their reputation as a team with no heart; and to bury forever their infamous legacy of choking in championship games.

Wendell Tyler's 39-yard gain early in the first quarter was the longest run permitted by Pittsburgh all year, and it's worth another look.

Although he didn't become a starter until the fifth week of the season, Tyler finished the year as the Rams' leading rusher (1,109 yards in 1979), and this weaving trip through the Steelers set up the first touchdown of Super Bowl XIV.

How Super Bowl XIV Was Narrated (continued)

Cullen Bryant piled into the end zone and gave Los Angeles a 7-3 lead.

For the last several years, it had sometimes seemed there is no league for the Pittsburgh Steelers, and another for the rest of those who play pro football. For hidden beneath Pittsburgh's smooth and flawless execution, is the pounding pulse of brut power.

On defense as well as offense, the Steelers breed the conviction in the opposing team that it must play at almost super-human level of football to have any chance to succeed.

The Rams gave ground grudgingly and kept Pittsburgh out of the end zone until early in the second period.

The Steelers were still the same, tough Steelers, but they would soon discover that their opponents were definitely not the same old Rams. Throughout the year, the Rams (coached by Ray Malavasi, who replaced George Allen during the 1978 exhibition season after Allen, who replaced Chuck Knox following the 1977 season, was fired) were a running team - often inflexible, always conservative. But today, when their faltered, they threw caution to the wind and decided to gamble on the raw passing skills of ^{young} substitute quarterback named Vince Ferragamo.

Pat Haden, the Rams' regular quarterback was injured and watched the game from the coaches' booth hoping that his young replacement would not crack under Pittsburgh's pressure.

How Super Bowl XIV Was Narrated (continued)

Ferragamo faced the famous charge of the Steel Curtain with poise and resinge. Although he was sacked several times, his consistently accurate passing enabled the Rams to control the ball for the rest of the first half.

Twice ~~the~~ Ferragamo moved the Rams into scoring position only to have potential Touchdown passes bounce off the fingertips of his intended receivers.

Some of the points, which had slipped through the Rams' fingers, were retrieved by the toe of Frank Loral, whose two field goals gave Los Angeles a three-point lead (13-10).

The Rams had not only the lead, but a new image as well. A once drab and lightless offense had taken on a new luster.

At the end of the first half, nothing seemed right for the Pittsburgh Steelers. Players that are usually lively and light-hearted, were garted in somber, and the coach, Chuck Noll, who is usually grim and intense was loose and full of fun.

Terry Bradshaw began the second half with the same curiously conservative approach he had used in the first half, nibbling at the Ram defense with short safe passes to his running backs.

But then like a pool-ball hustler who has been trifling with his victim too long, Bradshaw suddenly showed his game.

Bradshaw's pass to Lynn Swann was a concise resume of a Steeler attack - daring and explosive able to score from anywhere at any time.

How Super Bowl XIV Was Played (continued)

The Rams had two defensive backs covering Swann, and a linebacker blitzing Bradshaw, and still they could not damage the throw or prevent the catch.

Surely, this stunning blow—one that has become a Steeler trademark the last two seasons ~~it~~ would finally brush off the pesky Rams. It did not.

Ferragamo took a page from Bradshaw's "go-for-broke" book and hit Billy Waddy for a 50-yard gain. Before the Steelers could recover the Rams struck again.

Maybe it was the fact that nobody gave them much of a chance. Therefore, there wasn't much to lose. Maybe it was simply the realization by the Rams' coaches that their team had to open up on offense to win.

Whatever the reason, these new modeled Rams had come from behind ~~from~~^{for} the third time in this Super Bowl to take the lead (19-17).

Frank Corral missed the extra point, but the Rams' touchdown had revealed another facet of their expansive new offense, and with it a two-point advantage.

While the Rams' offense expanded, its defense contracted and tightened up. They clogged up Pittsburgh's inside running lane, and since neither Franco Harris, No. 32, nor Rocky Bleier, No. 20 (who seriously wounded his left knee and right foot in 1970), has the flatout speed to run out wide, the Steelers were forced to abandon the running game they take so much

How Super Bowl XIV Was Played (continued)

pride in.

Terry Bradshaw still had Lynn Swann to throw to, but even that ray of reassurance faded when Swann was knocked out of the game by Pat Thomas.

With a crippled passing attack, and a sputtering running game, the Steeler Express wobbled into disaster. Twice in the third period Bradshaw was intercepted - once by Eddie Brown, and again by Rod Perry, No. 49.

The frustration that had played so much a part of the Rams' season now belonged to the Steelers.

Great teams aren't always great. They're just great when they have to be.

The pass to John Stallworth succeeded because of a mistake in the Rams' secondary. It appeared as if Stallworth had simply beaten Rod Perry man-on-man. But actually, Perry should have had help from safety Eddie Brown.

The Rams employed five defensive backs on the play. Budd Brown, the safety, was responsible for the deep middle zone. But when Stallworth raced through the middle, Brown ignored him and never helped Perry.

Stallworth, who should have been double-teamed, outreached a single pursuer for the ball. After Stallworth's touchdown the Steelers loosened up as though the game were over. Once again, they were wrong.

How Super Bowl XIV Was Played (continued)

The Rams summoned up the heart no one thought they had, and slowly fought their way toward the Steeler goal.

Fans who withheld their love for so long suddenly poured it out in cheers for a scrappy underdog who refused to give up.

The Rams were on the verge of another score when Ferragamo made his first and only mistake of the game (otherwise, the Steelers would have been facing a 26-24 deficit, but then, it would not matter).

By day, the Rams' sparkling spirit had kept the game close, but by night it faded into the black reality of the Pittsburgh Steelers, *mustering whatever-it-takes-to-win-games, when most of America is watching.

The first long pass to Stallworth had given the Steelers the lead. This one pointed the way to ultimate victory.

Super Bowl XIV (played on January 20, 1980), took its shape from the team that lost just as much ^{as} from the team that won. The Los Angeles Rams ~~had~~ earned a dignity in defeat which they have never achieved in victory.

The Rams won respect, but the Pittsburgh Steelers won another world championship. (Final score: Pittsburgh 31, Los Angeles 19; the Steelers' fourth Super Bowl win in six years).

OCTD

Route Signs

1. New Jersey*

Sunset Beach

Park / Ride

Los Angeles

Fullerton

Huntington Beach

Fountain Valley

La Habra

Fashion Square

Brea

Newport Beach

Placentia

CSUF

Yorba Linda

Santa Ana

Orange

Anaheim Hills

Orange Fair Mall

Mall of Orange

Stanton

Race Track

Los Alamitos

La Palma

Not in Service

Leisure World

Seal Beach

Long Beach

CSULB

28. Cerritos

29. Buena Park Center

30. Buena Park

31. Knott's Berry Farm

32. Anaheim

33. Villa Park

34. Tustin

35. Loral

36. UCI

37. Orange

38. Anaheim Plaza

39. Orange County Transit

40. Not in Service

41. Civic Center

42. Santa Ana

43. Garden Grove Blvd.

44. Westminster Ave.

45. Harbor Blvd.

46. Westminster

47. Westminster Mall

48. Huntington Center

49. Huntington Harbour

50. Central & Halladay

51. Express

52. Limited

53. Greenville & Harvard

54. Amtrak

* We don't go to
New Jersey, Marty!

OTD Route Signs (Continued)

55. 6th & Flower Sts.
56. Santa Ana
57. South Coast Plaza
58. Costa Mesa
59. Balboa Peninsula
60. Not in Service
61. Orange County Airport
62. Fashion Island
63. Corona Del Mar
64. Laguna Beach
65. Laguna Hills
66. Santa Ana Air Facility
67. El Toro
68. Mission Viejo
69. Long Beach Airport
70. Pacific Coast Highway
71. Dana Point (or Dana Point)
72. Capistrano Beach
73. San Clemente
74. El Modena
75. Garden Grove
76. The City
77. Cypress
78. Anaheim Plaza
79. Convention Center
80. Disneyland
81. Anaheim Stadium

82. Anaheim Blvd.
83. Brookhurst St.
84. Euclid St.
85. Not in Service
86. Katella Ave.
87. State College Blvd.
88. Harbor & Adams
89. Edinger & Bristol
90. Orange Blank
91. Beach Blvd.
92. Magnolia Ave.
93. Bristol St.
94. Training Bus
95. Lincoln Ave.
96. La Palma Ave.
97. Orange Grove Ave.
98. Diamond Bar
99. Edinger & Greenville
100. Corona
101. Pomona
102. Orange County Fairgrounds
103. Northeast Anaheim
104. Special
105. Hawaiian Gardens
106. Lakewood
107. La Mirada
108. Riverside

109. Kimberly's House*

*That'll be nice!

The World Football League

By Martin Felsenfeld

1974: Gary Davidson, the man who created the American Basketball Association and World Hockey Association (both leagues would later go out of business when they merged with other leagues), formed another professional football league - this time called the World Football League. Before the new league started its season in July, Mr. Davidson placed WFL franchises in Anaheim (Southern California), Birmingham, Chicago, Detroit, Honolulu (Hawaii), Houston, Jacksonville, New York, Philadelphia, Portland, Toronto, and Washington. But the owners decided to move a few of those franchises. The Toronto club had to move to Memphis, Tenn., because of a confliction with the Canadian government, and the Washington franchise moved first to Virginia, then to Atlanta, and finally, to Orlando, Fla.

The 1974 season started with those franchises, but financial troubles soon began, and when the season ended, three teams (Chicago, Detroit, and Jacksonville) folded, and two others (New York to Charlotte, and Houston to Shreveport) moved.

The Birmingham Americans defeated the Florida Blazers 22-21 to win the first and only "World Bowl" championship. Even so, it was discovered that the league ended up losing more than \$20 million, and there was serious consideration about folding the league if the problems weren't solved in time.

World Football League (continued)

1975: The WFL is back - barely, with a new format of teams. The Birmingham Americans became the Birmingham Vulcans. A new Chicago franchise called itself the Winds. The Portland Storm ~~was~~ now being called the Portland Thunder. The Jacksonville Express and San Antonio wings were also added to the lineup. However, the Florida Blazers franchise would not be back.

For the first time, the league signed such quality players such as Larry Csonka, Paul Warfield and Jim Ruck (all went to Memphis), and also out of the University of Southern California came Anthony Davis and Pat Haden (both joined the Southern California Sun). The WFL also tried to sign players like Joe Namath and Ken Stabler, but both refused.

But trouble struck the league again - and this time for good. The Chicago Winds folded their franchise in September, and to make it worse, the league went bankrupt one month later.

So, in its brief history of two years, the World Football League went through so many changes in its lineup, but unfortunately for the owners, they never found anything that was considered right, and on Oct. 23, 1975, the WFL, already embarrassed by money debts, went out of business.